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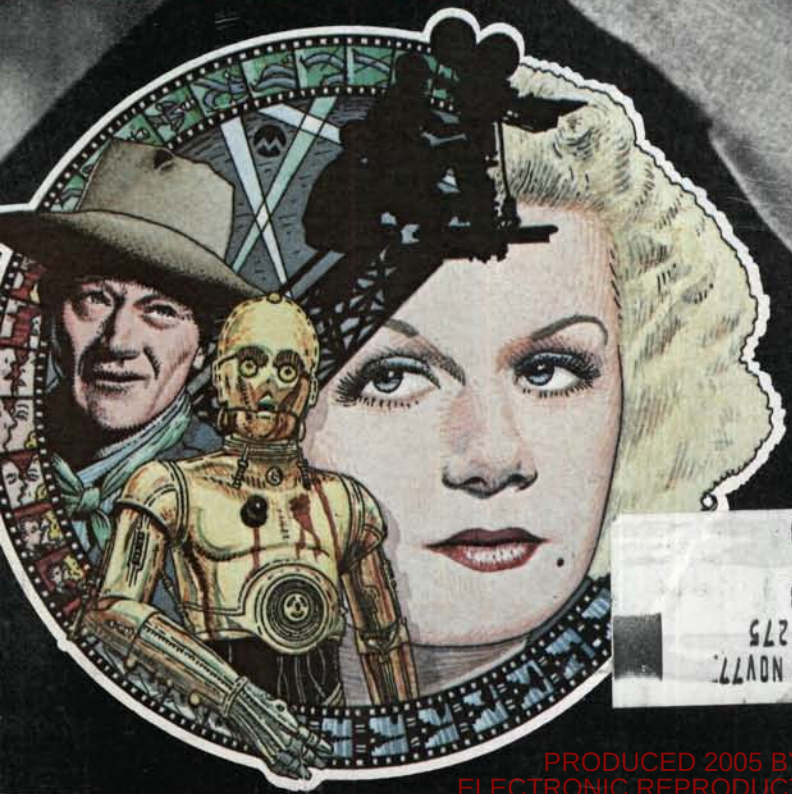

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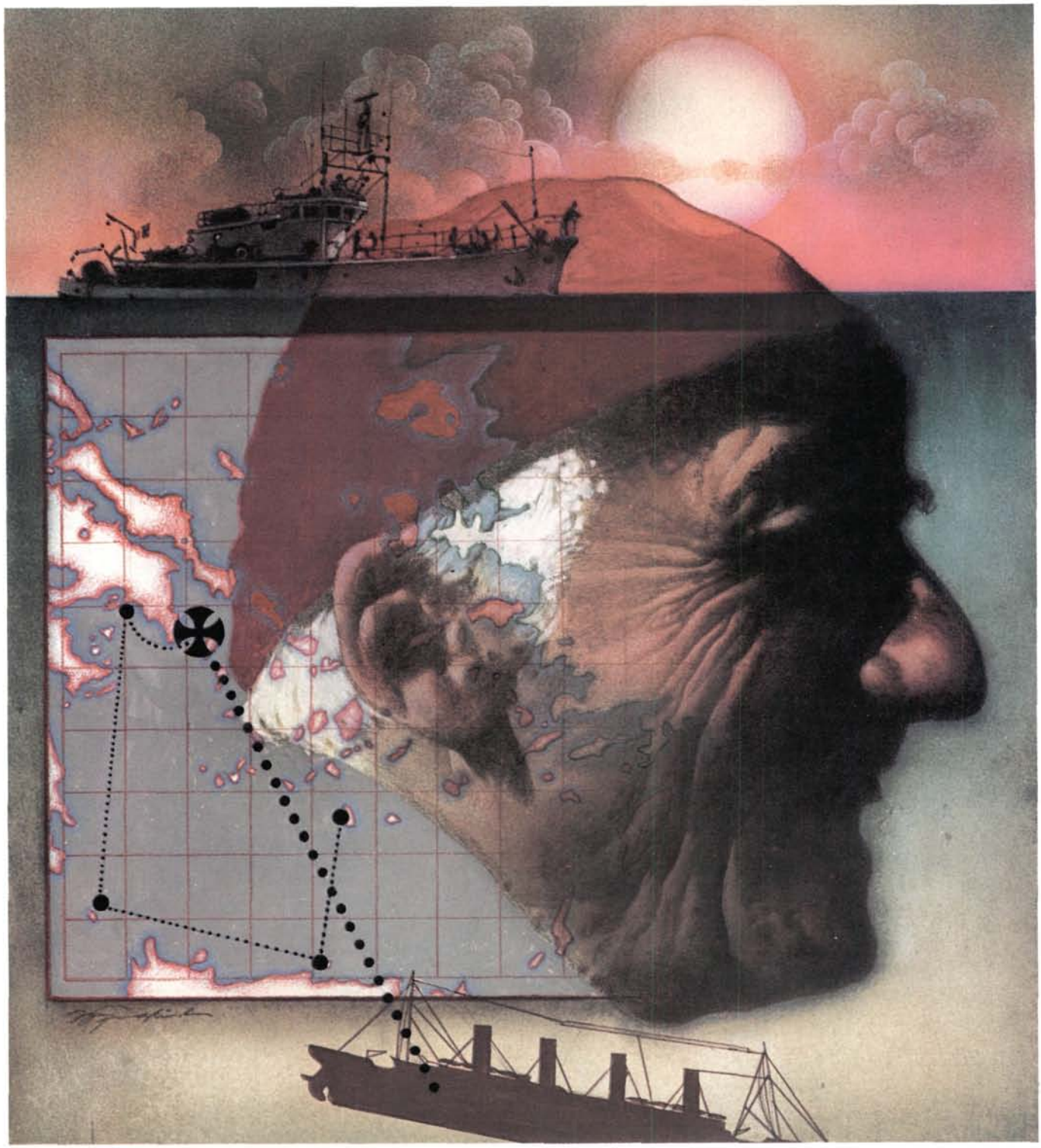

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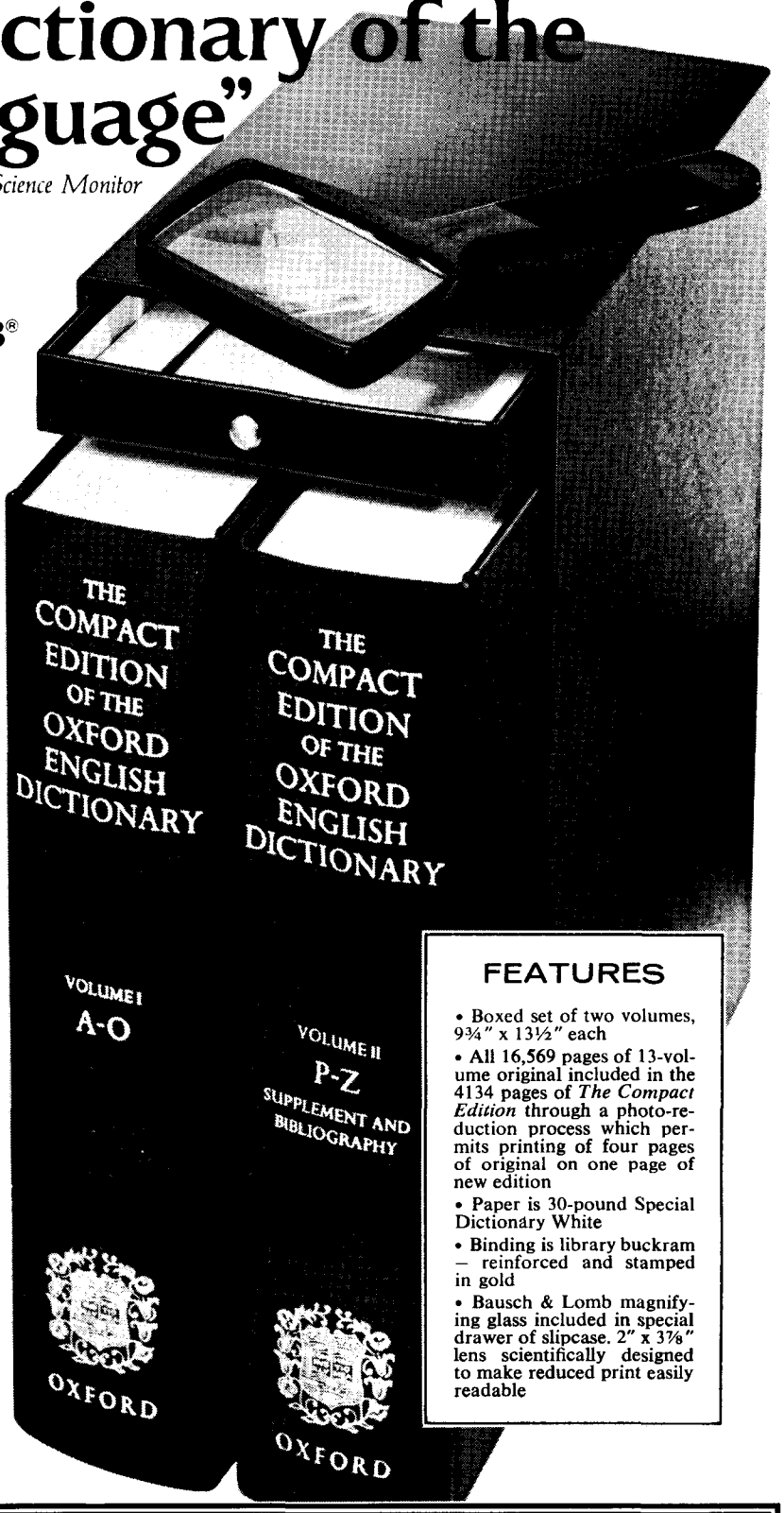

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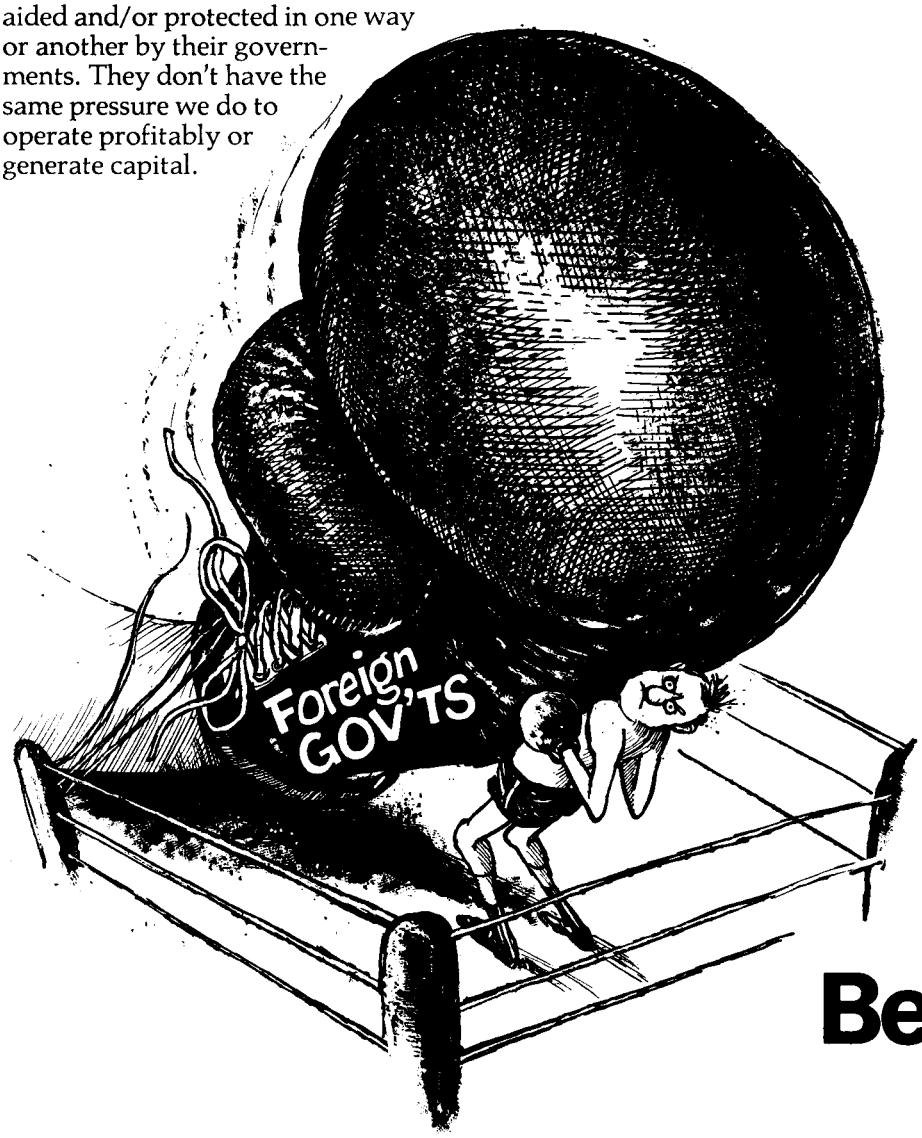

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A Fairness Doctrine for the Press?

DURING one of Richard M. Nixon's television interviews with David Frost, the conversation turned to the power centers of American society. The former President said he had learned a great deal at first hand not just about the vaunted powers of the American presidency but about the limitations of that office. He then went on to say that in some ways the press was more powerful than the presidency. He referred to the need for a President to cope with all sorts of constraints, political and otherwise. By contrast, the press was largely free to set its own policies and to identify and go after its own targets.

Richard Nixon was only partially right. The press in a free society exercises extraordinary power—but only when it is harnessed to a responsive public opinion. Revelations or exposés or charges have impact only as the public awareness and conscience are engaged. Of course, the fact that the public agrees with the press does not mean that both are necessarily right. People can be misled. But over the long run, they tend to make sound judgments. They learn to identify the sources of information that are to be trusted and those that are to be mistrusted.

Richard Nixon underestimated this built-in equilibrium when he remarked, while still in office, that the American people are like children. He mistook their natural tendency to take things at face value for an inherent gullibility. What he overlooked was their natural ability to come through myth and manipulation and to arrive at settled and responsible judgments. It is this inner balance wheel that limits the life expectancy of political trickery.

It is clear enough that the press is a prime mechanism in making the traditional American system of checks and balances work. It is less clear that the press itself is subject to checks and balances. Consider the aftermath of the Bert Lance affair. Even after the press conference at which the President announced Bert Lance's resignation, some newspapers kept up a drumfire, asking whether Jimmy Carter knew more about the early charges against Lance than had been publicly acknowledged. In particular, the press pointed to what it said were contradictions in the President's statement that he was not aware before December 1, 1976, of the full extent of the various government investigations into Bert Lance's affairs. The date is significant because it bears on the time the decision was made to appoint Lance to high government office.

The intensity of the press's pursuit inevitably raised serious doubts in the minds of many Americans about the candor of the President. The President himself recognized the seriousness of such doubts. He thereupon made a statement that, in its detail and frankness, was completely credible and reassuring. Yet the same major newspapers that had emphasized the incriminating question failed to give comparable attention to the President's unambiguous and persuasive reply.

Another instance: One of the nation's leading newspapers, straining for a scoop, broke the release date on a major foreign policy speech by the President, publishing excerpts a full half-day before the talk was delivered. The main trouble with the story was that the President made important changes in his speech before actual delivery. The same newspaper that no doubt prided itself on scooping its competition showed no comparable zeal in informing its readers that the scoop was inadequate or incomplete in any respect. Is such a practice beyond censure?

The main recourse against the press is supposed to be the libel suit. But the central questions of press responsibility do not involve libel; libel laws apply to provably false and damaging charges or characterizations. The central questions, instead, have to do with the kind of information the American people receive and the decisions they make on the basis of that information. If the news is skewed or tilted or significantly incomplete, then the quality of their decisions will be affected. The real issue, therefore, is not falsification but responsibility, not accuracy but decency.

Yet another problem is represented by a definition of what constitutes important news. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger spoke at a meeting in New York recently on the proposed Panama Canal Treaty. He provided the essential historical background of our connection with the Canal, going on to state the case for support of the proposed new treaty. It was perhaps the most definitive and cogent public statement that has been made in behalf of the President's position. America's leading newspaper, however, gave the speech only two inches on an inside page. If Kissinger had denounced the President, the story probably would have blazed forth on page one. The American people are far better informed about the critical opinions of public figures than about the ideas they advocate or support. Denunciation gets the headlines and makes the five o'clock news. Statements based on careful analysis that call for or endorse lines of positive action are seldom defined as hard news by the media. How is the public to be adequately informed if the yardstick for measuring news overvalues the argumentative and undervalues the reasoned? Does a constant diet of downside news have no effect on the human mind? Is the world best described by a dirge?

Thomas Jefferson said that given a choice between government without newspapers and newspapers without government, he would have to choose the latter. In so saying, he reaffirmed his conviction that government exists solely for the purpose of serving and protecting the vital interests of its citizens. He knew of no agency or institution better able to monitor governmental powers than the press. Jefferson himself was more vilified by the press than any other President in American history, with the possible exceptions of Abraham Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet he never changed his mind about the primary role of the press in our society. He undoubtedly felt that the process of open scrutiny would ultimately assert itself with the press, just as it does with the other sections of the society. Such self-correction has not yet been applied. But the hope persists that the men and women who preside over this power will be able to devise and observe a fairness doctrine for themselves no less rigorous than the one they have applied so effectively and at times so magnificently to government. It is precisely because the press does such a good job of hunting down wrongdoing that it must not confer immunity upon itself. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Kudos for Andy Young

I have just read the editorial on Andrew Young, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations ["The Young Mission," July 9]. Hence I am late in congratulating N.C. on the truth of his perceptions. As someone who has lived for many years in the United States, I have a high appreciation of the contribution made by America to the concept of national freedom and individual liberties. I was schooled in the ideas of the young Americans who 200 years ago drafted the Declaration of Independence and the federal Constitution—two documents that have had a greater impact on the world's history than any other set of political ideas. It is gratifying and indeed inspiring, therefore, to watch Andy Young acting on the best principles in American history as he addresses himself to the world challenges of today.

Ambassador Young is being criticized inside the United States for his dramatic advocacy of those ideas that gave birth to America; but he will never be criticized by anyone who takes seriously the right of a people to decide on their own form of government, which they see as the same as the right to live. It is an honor to sit in the same forum with Andy Young.

Carlos P. Romulo
Secretary of Foreign Affairs,
Republic of the Philippines
Manila

Shocking Experiments

Albert Rosenfeld ["'Learning' to Give Up," September 3] describes experiments that give scientific validation to "the value of traditional virtues such as perseverance and hope." The experiments he cites involve giving electric shocks to dogs and attempting to find out "how long a rat would keep swimming to try to save itself." One rat, he tells us, "swam for 60 hours before it drowned."

Do these researchers realize that 60 hours is two and a half days? Do they also realize that rats, like us, experience pain, exhaustion, and fear? Though the scientists' value system may include perseverance and hope, it evidently excludes the virtues of compassion and mercy.

Lilla Heston
Wilmette, Ill.

On Panning the Panovs

The Front Runners item on the Panovs ["The Strange Case of the Panovs," September 3] was, to put it mildly, unfair. To dispute Valery Panov's status in the Soviet Union is quite absurd. He was a principal with the Kirov Ballet, dancing leading roles in the four full-length ballets the company produced in the years just before his application for an emigration visa. For all of them he received outstanding critical acclaim. As for Galina, at the age of sixteen she won a gold medal at the Varna festival, for which she had been coached personally by Ulanova, who considered her one of the most promising young ballerinas in Russia. She can hardly be considered a "minor soloist," since she has danced the leads in such full-length ballets as *Don Quixote* and *The Bronze Horseman*.

The Panovs have undoubtedly been less lucky than their Kirov colleagues in that they were not instantly invited to join or guest with a major company when they arrived in the West, as were Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov. Those dancers were fortunate enough to be able to continue their careers without a two-year interruption in their training; also, they dance in pure classic style and are able to adapt without any difficulty to existing western repertoires. Valery Panov, on the other hand, is a demi-caractère dramatic dancer. It is his misfortune that in the repertories of the best western companies, few ballets exist that would show him off as the great artist he is. John Cranko saw Panov dance in Russia and recognized his gifts, but his tragic death in 1973, before the Panovs left Russia, precluded a collaboration.

Not unnaturally, it took the Panovs some time to fully regain their form. At the age of thirty-seven it was hard for Valery in particular to overcome his long absence from dance. Anthony Dowell, a principal with the Royal Ballet, stated in a recent interview that after injury or absence from training, a dancer needs to study for an equivalent amount of time to compensate for time off. Thus it is not too surprising that the Panovs' early performances outside of Russia disappointed some people.

As to the "big money" the article so disapprovingly mentions: Financial negotiations are not their responsibility but that of their management. In any case, why pick on them for receiving high salaries? Do other stars turn down high fees?

The final comment, made by an unnamed dance fan—that in five years the Panovs will be lucky to have a job picking oranges in Israel—is disgraceful. Had the writer been better informed he would have mentioned that the Panovs just danced with the Batsheva Dance Company in Israel (where they donated their services) and with the Berlin Ballet, where critics hailed them as a great success.

After all the Panovs have endured, they deserve more understanding than that contained in the Front Runners item.

Rosemary Winckley
New York, N.Y.

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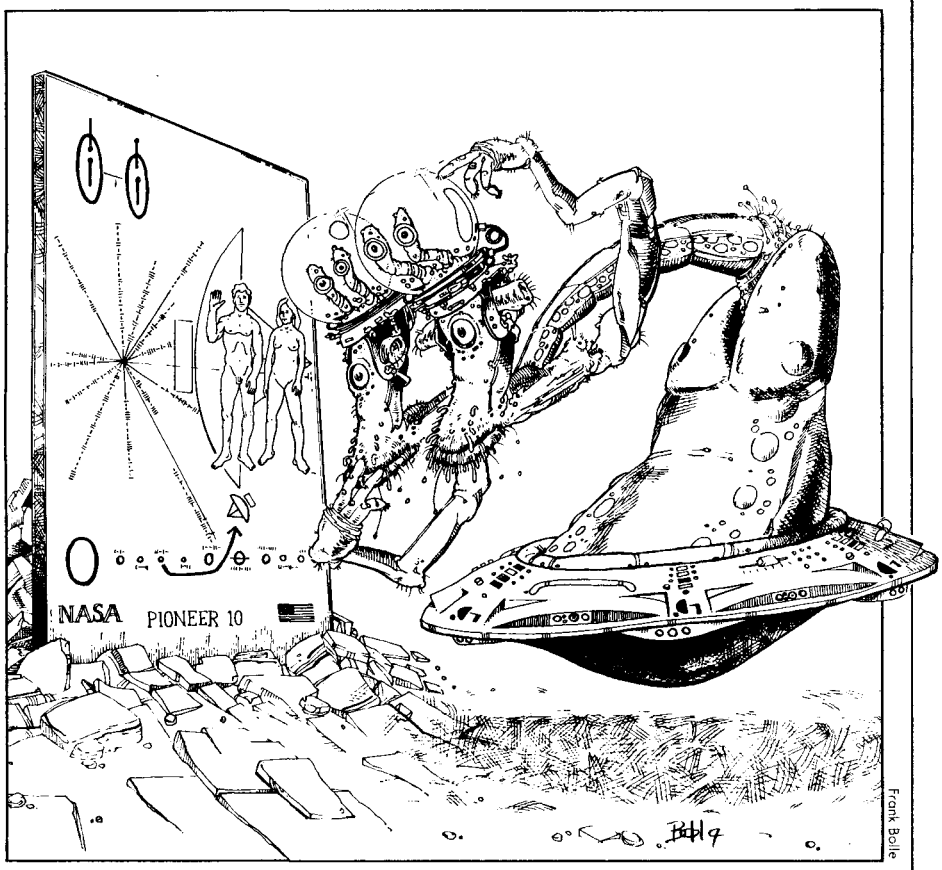
Front Runners



Now, Voyager

Sex in outer space? Not if the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) can help it. Before *Voyager II*'s recent lift-off, the agency removed from the space probe's cargo compartment "a photograph of an unclothed man and [pregnant] woman and an anatomical diagram of the human genital system."

What were the offending items doing on board an interstellar probe? It seems NASA had asked consultants to design some sort of intelligible and informative greeting directed at any aliens who might intercept the craft out in deep space. The consultants reasoned that such aliens might want to know what human beings look like and how our species reproduces itself. Hence the picture and diagram. But NASA deep-sixed the idea, announcing through associate administrator Herbert Rowe that such pictures were "inappropriate."

Was NASA worried that aliens thousands of light-years away might get turned on by the sight of an unclothed earthling? "Well," said administrator Rowe, "we felt that some people might get the wrong idea. ... There are some who believe that naked pregnant women are extremely erotic. ... This artifact [the pictures] would be reflecting on NASA and the federal government."

Some clue to the earthly politics underlying NASA's decision is given in *Science*'s account of the episode. The agency, it turns out, had been stung badly when it allowed an earlier Pioneer probe to carry a greeting plaque showing a stylized, deliberately unerotic representation of an unclothed man and woman. When news of the plaque got out, "there were letters ... inquiring why taxpayers' money was being spent on sending smut to outer space; feminists objected that only the man's hand, and not the woman's, was shown raised in greeting; and a number of people in England complained that the plaque had not been designed by a properly constituted, international committee."

The Woman in White

Yoncalla, Oregon (population 770), may not be high on everyone's list of most notable American towns, but consider this: Yoncalla has a doctor named Lydia Emery who not only makes house calls but charges only two dollars for them. Further, Dr. Emery's fee for an office call is only a flat dollar. According to *Modern Maturity*, when Dr. Emery set up practice in Yoncalla 31 years ago, she hit on that modest fee structure and sees no need not to stick with it. Presumably, chamber of commerce brochures list her as one of the region's outstanding natural resources.

More About Scams

The cable TV companies are being hit by their own version of the blue box scam that plagued the phone companies for years (Front Runners, September 3). What the rascals are doing out there is stealing, constructing, or buying "hot" the boxlike converters that decode cable TV signals for home television sets. With one of these boxes, the electronic pirates can sit back and watch, gratis, first-run movies, TV specials, and sports spectaculars that honest viewers are paying about $10 a month to have piped into their homes.

Typically, according to cable TV executive Vincent King, "someone doesn't pay his bill, then takes the converter with him when he moves. Then he finds it has a value of one hundred dollars on the black market, and he sells it." But the cable companies are fighting back, trapping the pirates with electronic devices that sniff out boxes in illegal use. King's firm has already sent three offenders to jail, and it is now beginning a sweeping test check of the area around Manchester, Connecticut. "Let this warning go out," says King sternly, "if anyone is on [the cable lines] illegally, he will be prosecuted."

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Front Runners

Treasure of the Superstition Mountains

A well-known artist collided head on with the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) recently, and so far it looks as if the IRS got the worst of it.

The artist is bearded, ebullient Ted De Grazia of Tucson, whose popular paintings of round-faced angels and Indian children have made him a millionaire. De Grazia's beef with the feds dates from the recent passage of IRS tax laws that will, on his death, lock De Grazia's heirs a good 50 percent of the value of his paintings.

Never one to keep it all bottled up, sixty-eight-year-old De Grazia has been acting on his rage against the new laws. First, he quit painting cold, thus depriving the government of a handsome tax on the sale of his works. Next, he loaded a hundred of his paintings on horses and headed up into the Superstition Mountains. There, he says, he burned the lot of them, as a grand anti-IRS gesture.

Since then, De Grazia has returned to the mountains repeatedly—to stash the rest of his paintings in deep caves, far from the tax assessor's gimlet eye. To protect the caches from IRS agents and amateur treasure hunters he has, he says, dynamited the entrances to the caves. So, like the Incan gold said to be sequestered in the Andes, De Grazia's treasure will presumably gather dust till it is uncovered, some far-off day, by the archaeologist's pickax.

Front Runners Submissions

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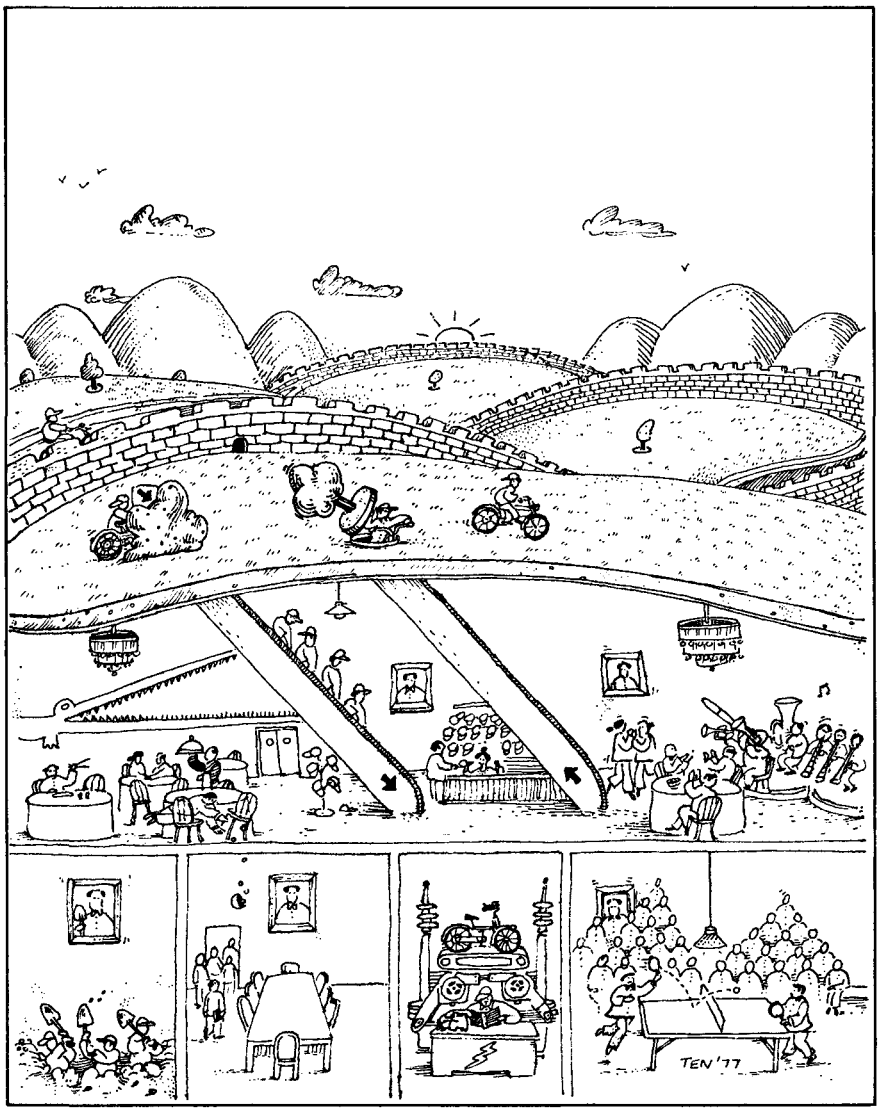

China's "Underground Great Wall"

What, an air raid shelter that holds 10,000 people? Yes, and it is only one of a China-wide network of cavernous, elaborately outfitted raid shelters.

When he visited Peking recently, science writer Alton Blakeslee was shown through one of these giant "underground Great Walls"—the Ta Sha Lan air raid shelter. In a typical recent drill, Blakeslee's guide told him, 10,000 people, using 90 different clandestine entry routes, had filed into the shelter within the space of six minutes.

Blakeslee himself entered the Ta Sha Lan shelter from a department store, whose manager pressed a button that caused the floor to slide back smoothly and reveal a wide staircase.

Descending into the shelter, Blakeslee came upon dining halls, an operating room, an auxiliary power station, conference rooms, air-filtering equipment, and other amenities. Some American experts believe such "shelters" would be mere underground incinerators in time of nuclear attack. But the Chinese, says Blakeslee, set great store by them, and armies of volunteer excavators keep digging away, buoyed by Mao's injunction to "build tunnels deep... and never seek hegemony."

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PICASSO'S LEGACY

A $250 Million Hoard Comes Out of Hiding

by Roland Gelatt

A FEW painters have died rich, many more have died poor, but no one in the long history of art has ever amassed a legacy to compare with that of Pablo Picasso. At his death in 1973, aged ninety-two, Picasso left an estate worth—at the official appraisal—1,251,673,200 French francs, or approximately $250 million. Part of his wealth lay in cash and bonds, part of it in real estate. But these "normal" assets comprise only a tiny slice of the total pie. The real riches of the Picasso legacy are represented by works of art.

Picasso had the hoarding instincts of a compulsive squirrel. He held on to virtually everything—from scraps of wrapping paper and pieces of string to the paintings he received as gifts from colleagues like Braque, Miró, and Matisse. Most of all, he kept his own creations. From the earliest days, Picasso held back a significant portion of his work from the marketplace. Year after year, he accumulated ever more paintings, sculptures, drawings, engravings, lithographs, sketches, and notebooks. The art world may have been dimly aware of this private hoard, but only Picasso's family and closest friends were ever allowed to see it. Sixteen years ago, David Douglas Duncan's book *Picasso's Picassos* gave a stunning documentation of what had been stashed away in La Californie, the villa in Cannes that was Picasso's preferred abode in the late 1950s. But La Californie was only one of three large houses in the south of France belonging to the painter. Two others—Notre Dame-de-Vie, in Mougins, and the Château de Vauvenargues—were equally filled with works of art.

When the contents of these repositories were finally inventoried, following Picasso's death four years ago, the tally seemed almost unbelievable. Altogether, there were 1,876 paintings, 1,355 sculptures, 2,880 ceramics, more than 11,000 drawings and sketches, and some 27,000 etchings, engravings, and lithographs in various states. The mind boggles at these numbers. Just try to visualize the wall space that would be required to hang 1,876 paintings.

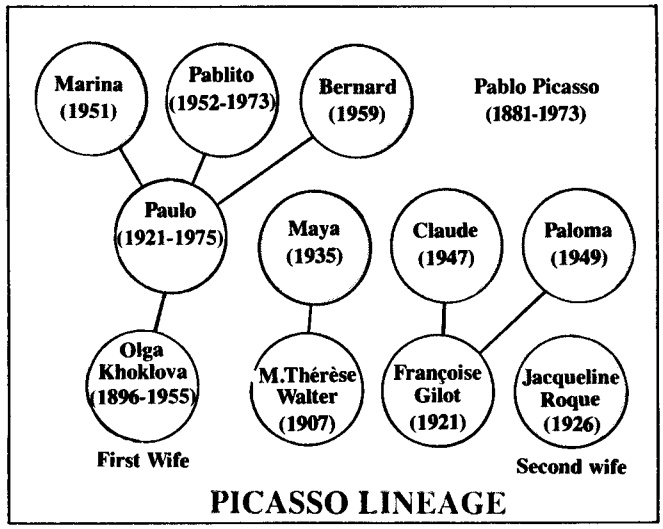
A substantial and significant portion of this staggering artistic legacy will eventually go on permanent display in Paris, in the new Picasso Museum that is hoped to be ready in time for the centenary of the painter's birth in 1981. But the road to that museum, and to the distribution of the painter's estate, has been rough and perilous.

Picasso was far from being a tidy person. It has taken four years to straighten out the mess he left at his death. To begin with, there was the problem of his tangled personal life. He had two wives and many more mistresses. And he had four children, only one of whom was born in wedlock. The complexities of these various wives, mistresses, and offspring can be more easily sorted ing to the family tree, below.

To further complica ss, Picasso left no will. Hardly was he cold in his widow, Jacqueline, and the one "legitim dant, Paulo, asserted their claims as the sole beneficiaries. No one who knew the state of affairs chez Picasso during the preceding decade could have been much surprised. Since 1964, the three children born out of wedlock had become non-persons in the Picasso household. The door had been shut in their faces, and communications from them were neither answered nor acknowledged. Paulo's children from his first marriage were similarly excommunicated. This ban remained in force even for Picasso's funeral, and it was to have a tragic consequence. Pablito, one of the rejected grandchildren, swallowed what proved to be a lethal dose of a household cleanser after being turned away from the funeral; he died from the aftereffects three months later.

Since then, the wheel has turned full circle. It is one of the once-rejected natural children, Claude, who has become head of the family and the prime administrator of the Picasso heritage.

Claude Picasso, thirty years old, is the elder of the two children born from Pablo's liaison with the painter Françoise Gilot. His early years were spent in the south of France, where Pablo and Françoise maintained an artistically fruitful, if personally tempestuous, ménage. When Claude was six, his mother committed the unpardonable sin of walking out on Picasso. With her, back to Paris, went the two children. Though the breach between Pablo and Françoise never



PICASSO LINEAGE

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healed, Claude and his sister Paloma continued to visit their father during summer holidays as well as at Christmas and Easter. There was now another lady on the Picasso premises, Jacqueline Roque, who would in time become Pablo's second wife. Outwardly, Claude remembers, she treated the children of Françoise with as much affection as did their father.

Then the door slammed shut. "It was like a stroke of lightning," Claude says. "Paloma and I had spent a pleasant Christmas vacation with our father. When I returned to the south of France at Easter, I was stopped by the chauffeur outside the gate. 'You can't go in,' he said. 'They're out.' Well, I immediately knew that something funny was going on because my father didn't know how to drive, and he never went out except in his own car." Claude was sixteen at the time. He never saw his father again.

What had happened? One thing certainly was the publication of Françoise's book *Life with Picasso*, a fascinating, revealing, and not altogether adulatory account of her years with the painter. Picasso hated it and tried, unsuccessfully, to stop its publication in France. But Claude believes there was another contributing factor. "Being sixteen is not the same as being twelve or eight years old, and maybe I could see a little too much of what was going on. That bothered my stepmother. She was always jealous of my sister and me. It troubled her, I guess, that we should be around to bring up memories of the past."

In 1969 Claude left for America (his mother was soon to marry Dr. Jonas Salk), where for a while he pursued a career as a free-lance photographer and journalist. Before leaving France, he had initiated legal action to be recognized as the natural child of Pablo Picasso. He lost that case. But a new French law was soon to come into effect, stipulating that "a natural child has, in general, the same rights to the inheritance of his mother and father as a legitimate child." Claude acknowledges that "we had something to do with the passage of that law." In effect, it made a new ball game of the Picasso

H. Roger-Viollet

Claude, Françoise, and Pablo–Antibes, 1951; inset, Claude Picasso in his studio–Paris, 1977.

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inheritance. The French courts soon confirmed that the three natural children had also to be reckoned with in the apportionment of the estate.

Before anything could be done about dividing up the inheritance, the entire estate had to be inventoried and appraised. Secretly and in the dead of night, a convoy of armored vans transported the contents of Picasso's three houses in the south of France to bank vaults in Paris. There, under the supervision of an expert art historian (Maurice Rheims), the 45,247 art objects that comprise the bulk of Picasso's estate were sorted out, cataloged, photographed, and appraised—an enormous undertaking that has only recently been completed.

While all this was in progress, Claude returned to France and along with his elder stepbrother, Paulo, began the painstaking, delicate, and often frustrating job of pulling the fractured family together—at least to the point of agreeing on a division of the inheritance. Two years ago, just at the point when an acceptable formula was about to be worked out, Paulo unexpectedly died. Suddenly there were two additional heirs to reckon with: Paulo's surviving children, Marina and Bernard. Claude started all over again to negotiate a new formula for dividing the inheritance. It was finally signed by Jacqueline (the last to agree) on September 15 of this year.

The most significant, if not quite the largest, portion of the legacy will go to the French state, which has agreed to accept works of art in lieu of cash payment of the inheritance tax. The state's collection of Picassos will go to a new museum that is to be created within the walls of a magnificent seventeenth-century mansion, the Hôtel Salé, in the Marais quarter of Paris. It will be run by Dominique Bozo, formerly a curator in the old National Museum of Modern Art (now merged into the Beaubourg arts complex). He and Claude Picasso must now agree on the works of art that are to be earmarked for the future Picasso Museum. They are already agreed on general principles: "It's not simply a question," Bozo says, "of assembling some great works. We must create a museum that will show Picasso's evolution."

In this issue, we are privileged to publish a portfolio of representative works of art from the enormous legacy left by Picasso. None of these has ever been reproduced before, at least not in color. The portfolio provides a vivid preview of the riches that will be on display when the Picasso Museum opens in a few years. Despite various statements in the press as to how many paintings the museum will get, there has as yet been no decision. The number, Claude contends, is immaterial. "You see, the museum may decide to give up one very famous work in order to get fifteen small paintings because those fifteen paintings together will explain much more about Picasso's way of thinking and working than the single masterpiece." The collection left by Picasso provides many precious insights into his creative processes. There is, for example, a whole series of preliminary paintings that eventually led to the seminal "Demoiselles d'Avignon" (now in New York's Museum of Modern Art). The new museum in Paris will show, better than anywhere else, the steps and stages of Picasso's development. It will also, of course, show many celebrated masterpieces: paintings already well known through reproductions but which belong to the estate. Claude strongly believes—and he feels he has the rest of the family behind him—that the Picasso Museum must get what it needs. "We all have come to the realization," he says, "that certain things have to go there."

In its documentation of Picasso's sculptures, the new museum will be unique. There are very, very few Picasso sculptures on view anywhere. The estate owns virtually everything the artist created in this medium, not only finished casts (of which Picasso always saved one for himself) but also original plasters. Because of the scanty representation of Picasso sculptures elsewhere, the Picasso Museum's pieces, as well as its collection of paintings and other works of art, will eventually be available on loan to other museums all over the world. "We want to share this wealth," Claude asserts. "The new museum should propagate the work of Picasso, not hoard it."

Once the French state collects its share of the legacy (slightly less than one quarter of the total appraised worth), the rest will be distributed among the family. Jacqueline, the widow, gets the largest portion (about 25 percent). The two grandchildren, Marina and Bernard, are next in line (about 16 percent each). The three natural children—Maya, Claude, and Paloma—divide the rest (about 7 percent each). What they will do with this bounty is still an open question. Jacqueline has been reported as saying that she wants to create yet another Picasso museum in the Château de Vauvenargues, in which part or all of her portion of the legacy would be displayed. If so, she may run into some legal difficulties. Jacqueline has a daughter from a previous marriage, and under French law a parent cannot unilaterally dispose of a child's future inheritance. The other heirs, children and grandchildren alike, are making no pronouncements. One thing is certain: They will be in no hurry to sell. The cash assets of the estate have already made each of them comfortably provided for, if not dazzlingly rich. They are under no pressure to sell off their artwork and run the risk of depressing the overall market value of Picassos.

Under the best of circumstances, the market value of art is a chancy matter. If the appraised worth of the Picasso estate is realistic, Claude's portion comes to about 85 million French francs, or some $17 million. It could be worth much more, and it could conceivably be worth somewhat less. In any event, the inheritance has not turned him into a wastrel or a playboy. Claude Picasso runs a major enterprise, the Société Picasso, which not only represents the estate but also serves as a kind of international Picasso command post. In his offices on the rue de Lille in Paris, Claude and his staff have put together a unique documentation of the entire Picasso oeuvre. There is a description and photograph of every single item in the estate. Moreover, the existing catalogs of Picasso's paintings, sculptures, and graphics by such experts as Zervos, Geiser, Bloch, et al, have been carefully annotated and corrected in the light of new research. Claude thus has at his fingertips a dossier on almost every work in the vast Picasso repertoire.

As a result, he is on constant call to help arrange Picasso exhibitions, to authenticate paintings, and to negotiate rights for the commercial use of Picasso's works. Right now he is particularly concerned about a rash of forgeries that are showing up on the market, and he is doing his utmost to track down the culprits. For someone so brutally rejected as a teenager, Claude remains a remarkably dutiful son. "You have a father," he explains, "and that alone is an important thing. Then this father happens also to be an historical event. So you feel you have to take part in this slice of history. Of course we are all peanuts. Even Picasso was a peanut in the light of history. But he was a big peanut." ◉

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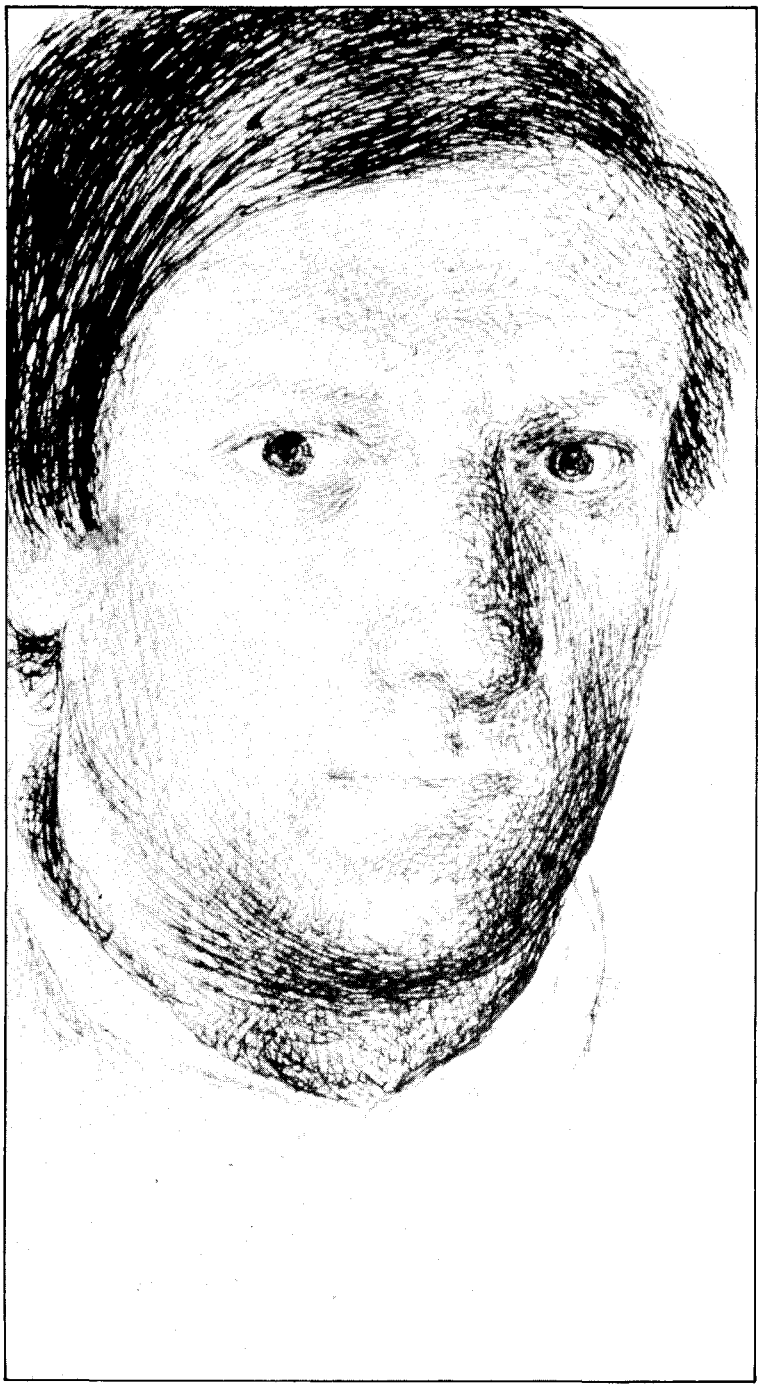
Exclusive Portfolio of Unpublished Works



The works of art shown on this and the next four pages provide a small preview of Picasso's $250 million legacy. These pictures have never been reproduced in color before. Today they are sequestered, along with the rest of the painter's estate, in a secret bank vault somewhere in Paris. In a few years' time, a significant portion of Picasso's Picassos will go on view in the new Picasso Museum in Paris. Some of the works reproduced here will undoubtedly form part of that collection.

Our portfolio covers a span of 70 years (1899–1969) and illustrates the artist's major stylistic periods.

SELF-PORTRAIT IN INDIA INK, *from a sketchbook dated "Boisgeloup, 8 November 1930–10 September 1931." The artist was then fifty years old.*

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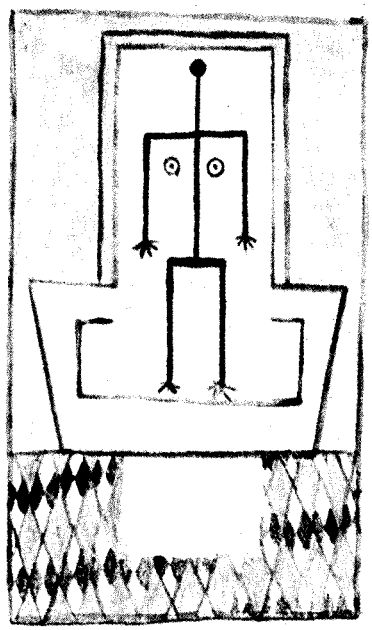

Left: PORTRAIT OF EVELIO TORENT *(1899)—Charcoal and watercolor on paper, signed P.R. [Pablo Ruiz] Picasso.* SCULPTURE BEFORE A WINDOW *(1912)—Oil on wood.*

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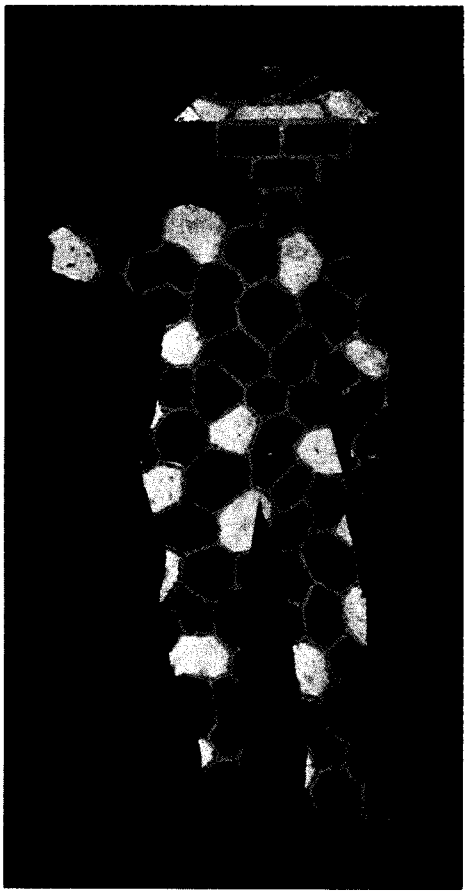

Clockwise from left: ARLEQUIN *(1918)—Linoleum mosaic.* THE FEATHERED HAT: SEATED WOMAN READING *(1913–1914)—Oil on canvas.* HEAD *(1930)—Sand relief on wood and cardboard.*

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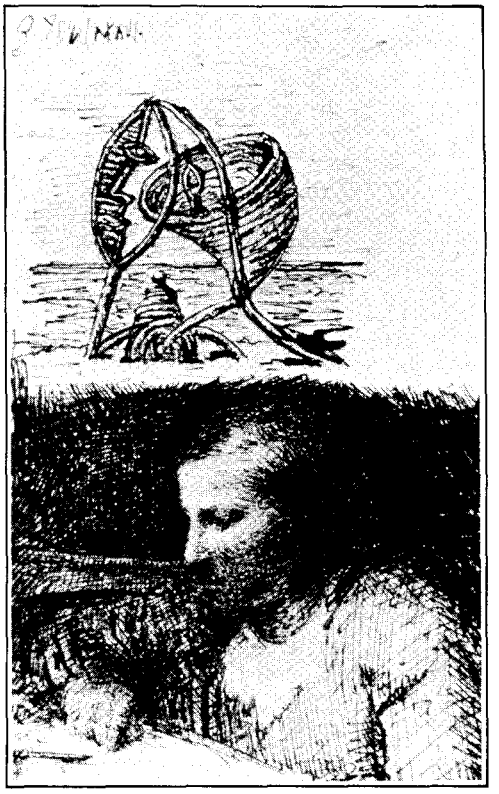

Clockwise from left: SEATED NUDE *(1930)—The third state of an etching (No. 200 in the Geiser catalog), touched up in oils by the artist.* TWO STUDIES OF A HEAD *(1936)—India ink, dated 3 April 1936 (Juan-les-Pins). The realistic portrait of Marie-Thérèse Walter, below, is transformed into a surrealist composition, above.* VEILED WOMAN ON A HORSE *(1936)—India ink and watercolor, dated 6 June 1936.*

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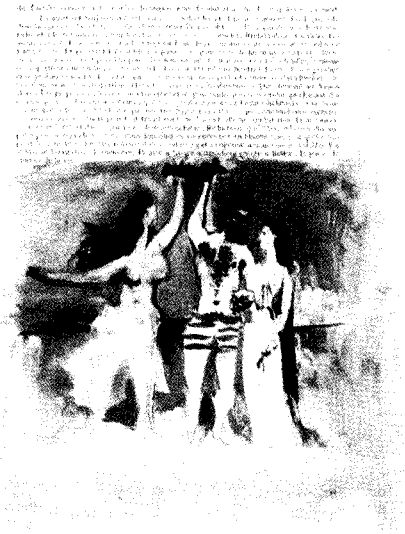

Clockwise from top left: CLASSICAL GROUP *(1940)—Page 21 from Jean Cassou's book* Picasso *(Paris, 1940), reworked in gouache by the artist.* FRANÇOISE WITH YELLOW NECKLACE *(1946)—Oil on canvas, dated 31 May 1946 (the model is Françoise Gilot).* MAN WITH HAT ON BLUE BACKGROUND *(1969–70)—Oil on canvas.*

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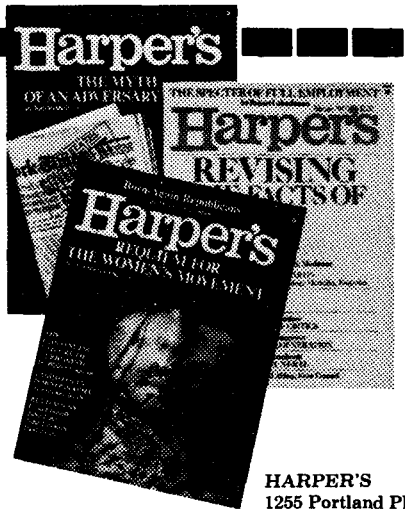

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Report from Managua

The Perils of "Quiet" Diplomacy

by Alan Riding

IT HAS been a rough year for our friend General Anastasio Somoza, down in Nicaragua. First, President Carter took office and insisted on talking about human rights. Next, the local Roman Catholic Church decided to jump on the bandwagon and accuse his regime of the "torture, rape, and summary executions" of innocent peasants. Then, the Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee followed up by introducing a bill to cut off U.S. military aid to Nicaragua. And finally, just days before Amnesty International issued a new denunciation of the widespread oppression in his country, the fifty-one-year-old Somoza had a heart attack.

But the Somoza family's long loyalty to the United States has not been entirely forgotten. The dictator's father was also General Anastasio Somoza. As head of the National Guard, he in effect was handed power by the U.S. Marines when they ended their 21-year occupation of Nicaragua in 1933. "Somoza may be a son of a bitch," FDR said soon afterward, "but he's our son of a bitch." This has been Washington's attitude ever since, as the two sons of the old man, who was assassinated in 1956, have successively run the country. True, JFK never quite warmed to the then president Luis Somoza, but he owed him a favor: Nicaragua was the launching point for the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, in 1961. So by the time President Nixon took office, relations between the Somozas and the White House could not have been better. When an earthquake destroyed Managua in December 1972 and much of the Nicaraguan National Guard temporarily deserted to look after their families, Nixon sent in 354 heavily armed troops from the Panama Canal Zone to camp out in the gardens of General Somoza's home, known inappropriately as El Retiro—The Retreat.

Therefore when the dictator found himself in trouble this year, he was not entirely without friends in Washington. Most reliable, of course, were his old cronies in the Pentagon, officers he met at West Point 30 years ago, with whom he has always maintained close contact and who so perceptively understand that Somoza is almost single-handedly blocking the spread of communism throughout Central America. So when the general fell ill, a U.S. Air Force hospital plane was quickly dispatched to take him to the Miami Heart Institute.

Also, like so many Latin American dictators before him (although few are so skillful today), Somoza has always looked after his friends on Capitol Hill, inviting them down to Nicaragua frequently for "working trips" and through a phalanx of lobbyists in Washington keeping them "warm" for when their votes are needed. Somoza's closest chum in the House is New York Democrat John Murphy. He, too, met the general at West Point and has long been his main advocate on the Hill. It was thanks to his efforts that the House this past summer overturned its subcommittee's attempt to cut off military aid to Nicaragua.

Astonishingly, the Carter administration did not object. The State Department's view that quiet diplomatic pressure is a more effective weapon against human rights violators than public denunciation apparently prevailed. Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs Terence A. Todman argued that appropriating funds for security assistance on a conditional basis "would be an effective way of encouraging" an improvement in the behavior of the Somoza regime.

But the facts do not support this claim. The easing of indiscriminate repression in Nicaragua in recent months relates entirely to the fact that the human rights situation there has been publicly denounced and widely debated for the first time. Only a year ago, even as the State Department was urging Somoza, through "diplomatic channels," to clean up his act, repression was being intensified. The continuation of military aid to Nicaragua was understandably heralded by Somoza as a major symbolic victory for his regime. The sum involved—$3.1 million—is insignificant, but it means that Washington is still behind him.

Those opponents of Somoza whose hopes had been raised by President Carter's human rights campaign were predictably confused and distressed. "If after all this debate about human rights in Nicaragua, American aid is continued, this will legitimize Somoza in the eyes of power groups here and therefore give him oxygen for a long time to come," a Nicaraguan friend wrote me at the time. "This is the real issue. As far as Nicaragua is concerned, it would have been better if the entire issue had not been discussed."

General Somoza knows full well the significance of American support: It disheartens his nonviolent opponents, who see Washington as endorsing the regime of martial law, the suspension of constitutional rights, the ban on political parties, and the censorship of the press; they realize it is hopeless to combat both Somoza and the United States. American support also dissipates the ambitions of senior National Guard officers who might otherwise be tempted to bid for power. The United States, in fact, is everything in Nicaragua,

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and the American ambassador there functions more like a proconsul than like a diplomat.

WHAT, then, have been the results of 44 years of American support for the Somozas? Apart from being "our son of a bitch" and acting as a pillar of anti-communism in the entire Central American isthmus, the Somozas have done little for Nicaragua and a great deal for themselves.

Today the country remains among the poorest in the world. Its $600 annual per capita income camouflages vast disparities of wealth and poverty, evidenced by an Organization of American States report asserting that 77 percent of the rural population earn less than $120 per year. In 1974, the United Nations Commission for Latin America reported that 5 percent of the population received 28 percent of national income, while 50 percent received just 15 percent. In the countryside, where 60 percent of Nicaragua's 2.3 million inhabitants live, *after* a much publicized but phony agrarian reform, 0.6 percent of the farmers owned 30.5 percent of the cultivable land, while 50.8 percent owned just 3.4 percent. Not surprisingly, the large landowners, or *latifundistas* (of whom Somoza is the biggest), concentrate on highly profitable export products—such as coffee, cotton, and meat—while the peasants scratch out subsistence corn crops from their tiny plots.

The endemic poverty of much of the population is reflected in the grim social statistics, which convey little of the daily drama of survival. Malnutrition is chronic, with an average daily intake of 2,000 calories per person, in contrast to the 3,000 recommended as the minimum by the World Health Organization. Paralleling this is an infant mortality rate of 130 per 1,000 live births, often from parasites, intestinal infections and viruses, influenza, measles, tuberculosis, or other ailments that would not normally prove fatal to well-nourished children. Government health services are totally inadequate, and those that exist are concentrated in urban areas. Four times more money is spent on servicing the 7,000-member National Guard, the country's only armed force, than on the health needs of the entire population.

Illiteracy still affects 70 percent of the people, reaching 100 percent among rural women in some regions. In 1974, according to the United Nations, only 84,000 children out of a potential school age enrollment of 360,000 were attending primary school. In the same year, only 31,500 youths were in secondary school and some 6,600 were at university. The children of the oligarchy, however, invariably go to both high school and college in the United States. Typically, Somoza's son Julio went to West Point, while Anastasio III attended Harvard University and Sandhurst Military Academy in England.

While the Somozas have never felt pressured to make any economic or social gestures toward the people, they have worked hard to build up their own business empire, with "conflict of interest" an absolutely unheard-of concept. Today, it is difficult to challenge leftist assertions that Somoza "owns" Nicaragua, even though in practice he partially shares his economic power with a handful of other families and with relatives.

The list of family properties is endless, reading like a sectoral description of the entire economy: the "national" airline, LANICA; the "national" shipping line, MAMENIC; the newspaper *Novedades*; the main television station; and companies involved in cement and all stages of construction, in banking, in cattle-farming and meat-packing, in tobacco-growing, in beer-brewing and rum distillation, in hotels, in cotton and coffee exportation, in the manufacture of furniture and the production of geothermal energy, in mining, and in the distribution of Mercedes-Benz automobiles (which explains why all National Guard officers buy them). The list, in fact, goes on, with countless other ventures hidden behind straw men. Every foreign company interested in selling to or investing in Nicaragua soon learns that a prerequisite for success is an invitation to General Somoza to participate. Even the reconstruction of Managua after the 1972 earthquake that killed 10,000 people brought opportunities that could not be refused: The devastated downtown area was abandoned, and the new city spread outward into land owned by Somoza and his friends and beside avenues built by Somoza's companies. Almost five years after the earthquake, the only solid evidence of the millions of dollars of foreign aid that flowed to Nicaragua is a handful of American-style shopping centers, while thousands of refugees who lost their homes now live in slum cities that were built by the U.S. Agency for International Development as temporary shelters but that are now clearly permanent. With so many business worries on his mind, it is no surprise that General Somoza has had little time to develop his country.

Luckily, the general is a skilled politician, juggling constitutions, elections, and political parties to perpetuate himself in power behind a facade of "democratic" institutions. After the death of his brother, Luis, and an interim with a puppet president, Somoza was elected to a five-year term in 1967. Faced with the constitutional ban on reelection, he worked out a deal in 1971 with the malleable Conservative party opposition that elections would be held for an assembly to reform the constitution. While the new constitution was being prepared, the country was formally governed by a three-man junta, although Somoza remained commander in chief of the National Guard and as such called all the shots. In December 1974, after elections that were boycotted by the main opposition group, Somoza returned to the presidency, this time for a six-year term.

Somoza's only serious nonviolent opposition revolves around the figure of Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, publisher of the newspaper *La Prensa*, which, although fiercely censored until recently, does its utmost to criticize the regime. Chamorro is secretary-general of the Unión Democrática de Liberación (UDEL), a somewhat uncomfortable coalition of Liberal and Conservative dissidents, Social Democrats, and members of the Communist party. Because of the tight restrictions on domestic political activities, Chamorro's main impact is made outside Nicaragua: He travels abroad on speaking engagements whenever he can (the court order forbidding him to leave the country was lifted not long ago) and campaigns to draw U.S. congressional attention to the situation in his country. Unworried by the minimal strength of the UDEL, Somoza tolerates Chamorro and uses him as evidence that democratic freedoms exist in Nicaragua.

Somoza has been less blasé about the activities of the Sandinist National Liberation Front, formed in 1961 in the image of Fidel Castro's guerrillas and named after General Augusto César Sandino, who fought the American occupation force in the Twenties and was murdered by Somoza's father in 1936. Composed mainly of middle-class students and intellectuals, the Sandinists have never succeeded in establishing a solid

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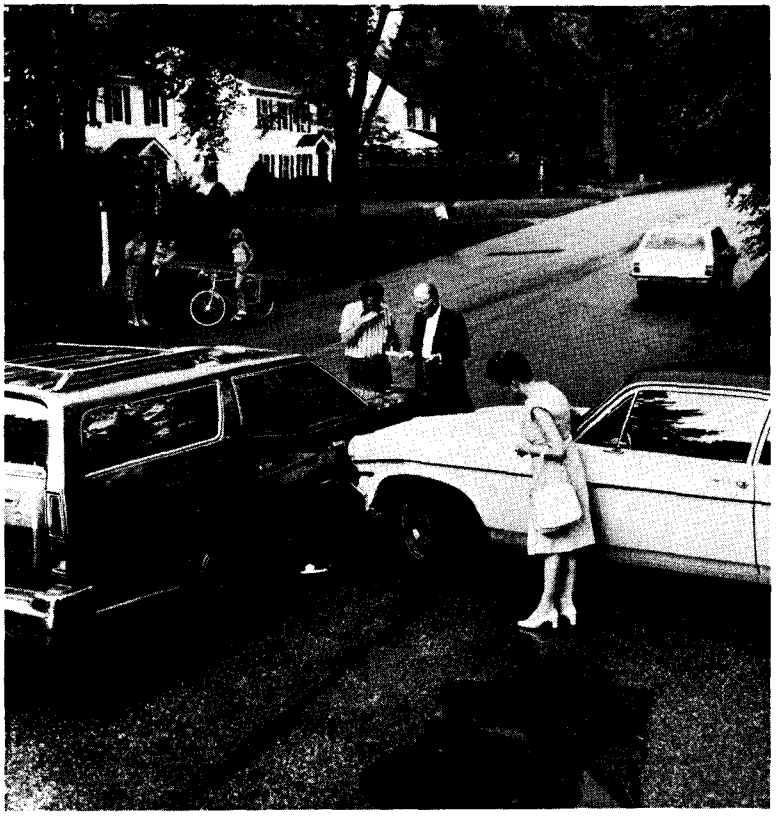

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base of support among the peasantry, although they have frequently caused irritation to the regime.

Their latest offensive began on December 27, 1974, in the upper-class Los Robles district of Managua, when 13 guerrillas stormed a party that was being thrown in honor of the then American ambassador, the obsequiously pro-Somoza Turner B. Shelton. The ambassador had just left, but the Sandinists seized 12 other guests, including Nicaragua's ambassador to the United States and dean of the Washington diplomatic corps, Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa. With close friends and relatives being held hostage, Somoza reluctantly agreed to the ransom demands and freed 14 political prisoners, flying them and the guerrillas to Cuba in one of his own planes. The Sandinists had also demanded $5 million, although they eventually took only $1 million.

The popular reaction to this unprecedented act of defiance reflected the depth of hatred for the Somozas. As the guerrillas drove to the airport with their hostages, passersby risked their own lives by applauding the Sandinists from the roadside. And when the plane with the guerrillas took off, hundreds of people who were crowded into the airport terminal cheered them loudly. I was there at the time, and it seemed as if a ray of sunshine had burst through the clouds. Nicaraguans were talking and laughing excitedly, savoring Somoza's defeat and confident that a coup would soon follow.

It was a moment to be remembered because no similar one has followed. Furious, Somoza went on radio and television proclaiming a state of martial law and vowing to wipe out the Sandinists. He then sent his U.S.-trained counterinsurgency battalion into the northern mountains around Matagalpa, where the guerrillas had long been active. Today, almost three years later, the main Sandinist leader, Carlos Fonseca Amador, is dead; the guerrilla ranks have been decimated; and remnant groups have been forced ever farther east, into the uninhabited hills of Zelaya, where even if they survive they will be harmless. In the cities, there are occasional gun battles between guerrillas and the National Guard, but no sensational actions have been carried out. Sandinist sources claim that several hundred guerrillas are still in the hills, but the Nicaraguan people have stopped looking to them with expectation.

As so often happens as a consequence of rural guerrilla activity, the social cost to the peasants of northern Nicaragua has been high. Many were caught between the combatants: The guerrillas would come down from the sierra and force the peasants to give them food; the soldiers would arrive soon afterward and punish the peasants for helping the rebels. The indiscriminate repression by the National Guard led many peasants to join the guerrillas, while others grabbed their few belongings and fled the region. The National Guard itself has a well-documented record of brutality: It is responsible for the murder of more than 200 unarmed peasants, for indiscriminate torture, for frequent rape, for stealing food and belongings, and even for "inheriting" the land of peasants it has killed. In its campaign against the guerrillas, the Guard has also resorted to bombing peasant hamlets, although, despite guerrilla claims, there is no proof that it has used napalm.

Few outsiders are seen in the hostile mountains of western Zelaya, between Siuna and the National Guard command post at Río Blanco. In fact, the department of Zelaya is still considered such a frontier state that it remains a mission of American Capuchin priests, never having had enough communicants to warrant being made a diocese of the Nicaraguan Roman Catholic Church. There are few roads in the area, and the young American priests who make regular tours of the mountain hamlets must travel on foot or by donkey. Each tour takes two or three months, and only upon returning to the mission's headquarters in Bluefields, on the Caribbean coast, or to Managua can the priests report the level of repression in the highlands.

Last year, the Capuchins, who are not normally considered radical priests, became alarmed by the worsening conditions of the Zelayan peasantry and began to document their findings. Private representations to the National Guard went unheard, and the Capuchins eventually took their information to the Nicaraguan Conference of Bishops. On January 8 of this year, the country's seven bishops, albeit reluctant to confront the Somoza regime too aggressively, published a pastoral letter denouncing the "state of terror" provoked by the National Guard in the northern mountains. "Inhuman and humiliating methods are used against suspects, from torture and rape to summary executions," the letter said. "Many villages have been abandoned, homes and belongings burned, and the inhabitants fleeing in despair and without help. These actions... put the very authorities outside the institutional laws of the nation." The letter also focused on broader issues. "On the one hand, the accumulation of land and wealth in the hands of a few intensifies," it noted. "On the other hand, humble peasants are stripped of their plots of land with threats as advantage is taken of the emergency situation."

More than anything else, this and other church documents drew world attention to the situation in Nicaragua. In response to them, the then American ambassador, James Theberge, and the State Department were forced to concede that human rights were being abrogated in Nicaragua, although they took shelter behind legalisms by wondering whether there was sufficient evidence of "a consistent pattern of systematic violation of human rights," the key reason that would force suspension of economic aid.

General Somoza was infuriated by the sudden campaign against his regime, but he acted calmly. Recently, rather than be subjected to a State Department report on the condition of human rights in their countries, the military rulers of El Salvador and of Guatemala rejected U.S. military aid that would have been based upon American "interference" in their internal affairs. But Somoza, dean of the region's dictators, knew better: He told his Central American colleagues how foolish they were and made plans to ride out his own storm. To prevent unnecessary embarrassment, he ordered the National Guard to clean up its performance. Then he started to work on his friends in Washington, adopting the clever tactic of disproving the wildest leftist claims in order to throw doubt on the rest of the evidence against him. Within a few months, he could announce that excesses had been eliminated, and in September, after the reinstatement of military aid and his return from the Miami Heart Institute, Somoza flamboyantly lifted martial law and suspended press censorship. He was obviously feeling better, with both the guerrillas and his detractors once again on the defensive.

But potential problems remain. Somoza has always been a hard-driving, hard-living man, single-handedly running his businesses, his country, and whenever possible, "his" Central America, where the other military rulers look to him for

Continued on page 55

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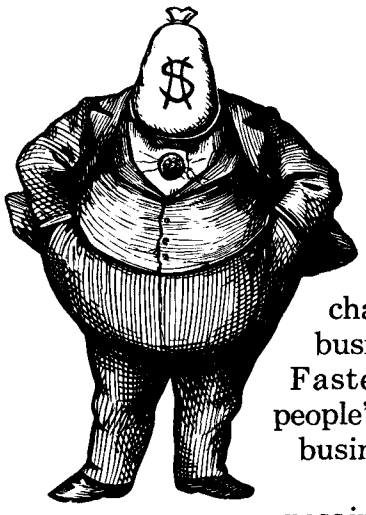
Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.



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Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

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Our Prehistoric Roots

Origins: What New Discoveries Reveal About the Emergence of Our Species and Its Possible Future
by Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin
E. P. Dutton, 264 pp., $17.95

Reviewed by Ashley Montagu

AT THE famous meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held at Oxford in June 1860, Bishop Wilberforce, otherwise known as "Soapy Sam" because of his ingratiating manner, concluded his attack on Darwin's views on evolution by turning to Thomas Henry Huxley and begging to know whether it was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent from an ape. Huxley's response made history. In a letter dated 9 September 1860, he recounted the exchange:

> It was great fun—I had said that I could not see what difference it would make to my moral responsibility if I *had* had an ape for a grandfather and saponaceous Samuel thought it was a fine opportunity for chaffing a savan. However he performed the operation vulgarly & I determined to punish him—partly on that account & partly because he talked pretentious nonsense. So when I got up I spoke pretty much to the effect—that I had listened with great attention to the Lord Bishop's speech but had been unable to discover either a new fact or a new argument in it—except indeed the question raised as to my personal predilections in the matter of ancestry—that it would not have occurred to me to bring forward such a topic as that for discussion myself, but that I was quite ready to meet the Right Rev. prelate even on that ground—If then, said I, the question is put to me would I rather have a miserable ape for a grandfather or a man highly endowed by nature and possessed of great means and influence & yet who employs those faculties & that influence for the mere purpose of introducing ridicule into a grave scientific discussion—I unhesitatingly affirm my preference for the ape.
>
> Whereupon there was inextinguishable laughter among the people—and they listened to the rest of my argument with the greatest attention. Lubbock & Hooker spoke after me with great force & among us we shut up the bishop & his Laity—

But not quite. For it is said that when a certain cleric who had attended the meeting went home to tea and informed his wife that the horrid Professor Huxley had declared that man was descended from the apes, she is said to have exclaimed: "My dear! Descended from the apes. Do let us hope it is not true, but if it is, let us pray that it will not become generally known."

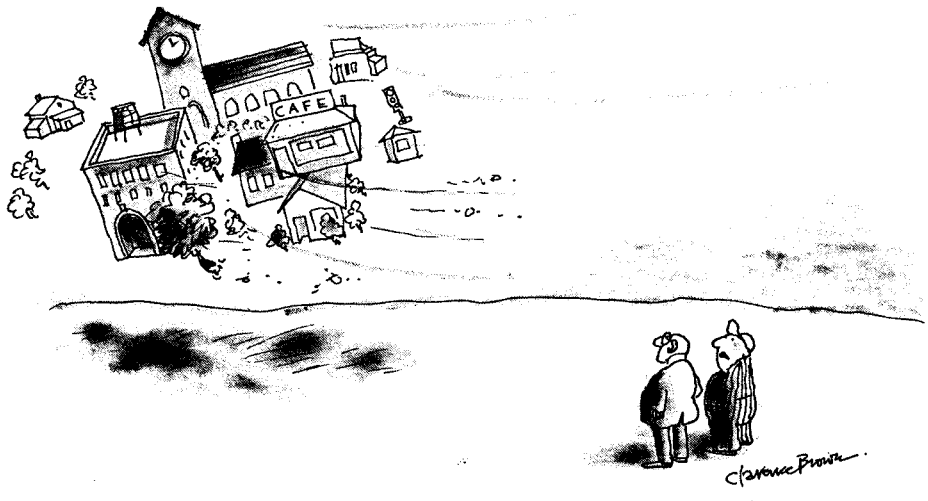
Alas for the dear lady, it *has* become generally known, and among the leading authenticators of the hypothesis have been the Leakeys: first Louis and Mary, and now their son, Richard.

Richard's discoveries of early manlike forms threaten to outdo those of his parents in both quantity and importance. And that is saying a great deal, for never before Mary and Louis Leakey had there been anthropologists so prolific in discoveries linking man to his apelike ancestors.

In *Origins*, a well-written and delightfully illustrated book, Richard Leakey and his coauthor, Roger Lewin, a biochemist by training and the able science editor of the British magazine *New Scientist*, have combined their talents to take us on a voyage of discovery of our origins as human beings.

The subtitle of the book tells the reader exactly what to expect—namely, what new discoveries reveal about the emergence of our species and about its possible future. The reader is fortunate to have as a guide one of the principal contributors to these new discoveries; but I must caution that there is also a drawback to Leakey's coauthorship of this book, for discoverers are often so enamored of their own interpretation of their finds that they become insensible to alternative explanations. This volume would have been more lively and well balanced had Leakey and Lewin provided a sense of the ongoing debate over the significance of some of these finds. Surely they should have let the reader know that many other authorities disagree with some of their views.

An outstanding example of the authors' failure to allude to disputes over their anthropological data is their treatment of the skull known as 1470, which was discovered by a Richard Leakey party in 1972, on the east side of Lake Turkana, in Kenya. The date of the site from which 1470 was recovered was set at 2.6 million years ago. That date has been questioned, and it would have added greatly to the interest and value of the book if the authors



"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

Anthropologist Ashley Montagu, who prefers to call himself a "social biologist," has written more than 30 books. He edited a collection of essays, Man and Aggression, *to contest the notion of an innate aggressive instinct in man.*

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had said so and given their reasons for adhering to the original date.

Upon completing the assembly of 1470 from the many fragments into which it had been broken, Leakey felt that it represented the oldest skull of early man yet unearthed, and thus in *Origins* he refers to "the portentous discovery of 1470." Furthermore, he now believes that it belongs in the same genus and species as *Homo habilis*, which was discovered by his father at Olduvai. One of the traits that has led Leakey to conclude that 1470 is part of the human stock is its cranial capacity (a measure of brain size), which is in the vicinity of 750 to 800 cubic centimeters; that of modern humans is around 1,400. Still, a brain of 750 to 800 cubic centimeters could function in a human manner. Authentic records are available of normally intelligent human beings whose brains were no larger than 750 cubic centimeters. We also have a record of a gorilla brain that measured this same size. But in truth, brain size tells us very little about behavioral potential, and therefore it is risky to classify a skull on the basis of its cranial capacity. *Origins* contains a full-size frontal view of 1470 that is particularly impressive, since in the photograph the forehead of the skull appears to be much more elevated than it actually is. Fortunately, three side views are also shown and provide a truer representation of the form of the cranium. These lateral views strongly suggest that 1470 does not differ significantly from the australopithecine manlike forms. In fact, some authorities believe that 1470 represents the large-brained end of australopithecine variation. It really doesn't much matter whether 1470 is placed with *Australopithecus* or with *Homo*, except for the sake of consistency, but it would have contributed to the reader's enlightenment at least to have been made aware of the diverging taxonomic opinions. The finds of prehistoric human remains are so variable in their traits and so complex in their relationships that existing methods of classifying them are inadequate to the task. We shall have to devise better means of classification.

If man is defined as a creature that makes tools with which to make other tools upon which he becomes increasingly dependent for his survival, would 1470 fit the requirements of that definition? We don't know. And so it might be wise to hedge our bets on the exact status of 1470 until further discoveries help us settle the matter. It is not likely that we shall be able to settle whether 1470 or any other transitional form is truly human without first acquiring some evidence about its behavioral abilities.

If the authors of *Origins* can be accused of categorizing a discovery before enough evidence has been accumulated to properly do so, it should also be said that they have been careless of the repute of a notable man they refer to as "a Dr. John Draper," who was present at the Huxley-Wilberforce debate. Dr. John William Draper (1811–1882) was a distinguished chemist, physiologist, historian, and pioneer in spectrum analysis and photography. His *Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862) and *History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science* (1874) are classics and have had a tremendous influence on the intellectual development of many prominent men and women. To call one of the makers of the modern world "a Dr. John Draper" without further identification is careless, at the very least.

Also, the authors inaccurately report that Raymond Dart's description, in 1925, of the first discovered australopithecine was greeted with scorn and contempt. On the contrary, his description aroused the greatest interest in everyone except Sir Arthur Keith and one or two later diehards. The truth is that leading authorities like Elliot Smith, Robert Broom, William King Gregory, W. J. Sollas, and others accepted Dart's discovery at once for what he said it was; and Keith soon came round, too, so that by the time he wrote *New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man* (1931), he devoted no less than the first 116 pages to Dart's *Australopithecus africanus*.

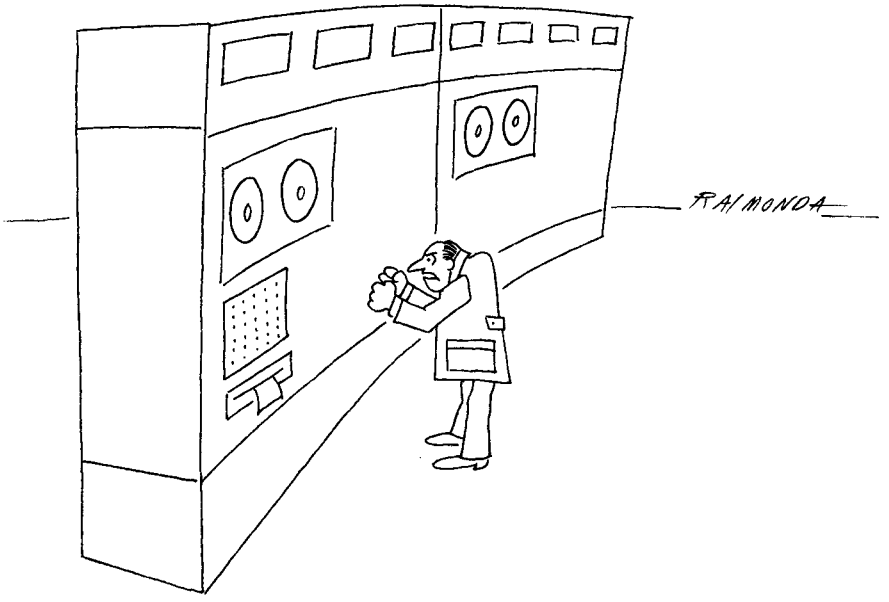
But I'm carping too much about this book. For as controversial as it may be in some places and though it is not quite on the mark in others, it is nevertheless one of the most readable and informative books of its kind.

Among the many fascinating things the authors tell us is how man advanced from toolmaker to hunter and what a tremendous difference the hunting way of life made to his further evolutionary development. Throughout the telling of this marvelous story, Leakey and Lewin make good use of the lifeways of contemporary hunting-gathering peoples for the light they might throw on how our early ancestors lived. The authors' emphasis on behavior provides a refreshing approach to the gradual development of their theme, which is no less than human evolution itself.

When man began to hunt big game, he was confronted with challenges for which he was forced to find the appropriate responses. And thus a selective pressure was imposed upon him to solve new and rapidly changing problems—and this is the essence of intelligence.

The hunting-gathering way of life lasted several million years, and it was during that period that our major physical and behavioral evolution occurred. It was only some 12,000 years ago that agriculture came about, and urbanism is not much older than 9,000 years—a mere drop in the bucket. All this and much else the authors make abundantly clear.

The last chapter alone, "Aggression, Sex and Human Nature," is worth the price of admission, for it effectively disposes of the claims of the "innate aggressionists," such as Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey, that man is an in-



"What do you mean you forgot?"

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stinctually aggressive creature. It is good to find writers emphasizing the human tendency toward cooperation for a change. In *Origins*, Leakey and Lewin argue persuasively that we have the intellectual equipment to learn to live peaceably with each other on this earth, and they conclude that being "one people ... we can all strive for one aim: the peaceful and equitable survival of humanity." ◉

Of Drinks and Drunkenness

The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh
Edited by Michael Davie
Little, Brown, 818 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Martin Green

THE DIARIES of Evelyn Waugh are a disordered sea, as compared to his elegant, decorous, masquelike novels. Those brilliant entertainments that began with Waugh's *Decline and Fall* (1928) sketched the fashionable world of England in patterns as formal as a pavane's. Even the later books, like *A Handful of Dust* and *Brideshead Revisited*, which contained elements of tragedy, were still self-conscious, highly ordered works of art. These ordering principles of Waugh's imagination are still very much evident in his diaries; but the diaries are essentially private documents, and they look rather embarrassed in the full light of publicity.

Sections of the diaries, notably those written during the war, are clearly first drafts for possible future fiction; Waugh notes incidents with appropriate detail and begins to find the right vocabulary for them. Other sections, written in the years before he was a novelist, are not so obviously first drafts, but they show him still shaping the events of his days into the comic anecdotes that were the liturgy of his friends' fellowship. All of the diary is a making public of his inner self. The sentences are clear and elegant, the judgments pungent or provocative.

Still, this is not a great diary. What Waugh felt to be "public," and, even more, what he felt to be his "inner self" were both narrow and rigid concepts. There is no adventure or flexibility in the exchange between the two. A great deal of this book is a record of drinks and drunkenness and luncheons for duchesses, which are immortalized by the pet names of the guests and the pomp names of the wines. It is hard not to say "Who cares?" as one turns the six hundredth page of that sort of thing. And matters are not helped by his copying into the diary letters he wrote to the press and military memoranda that came across his desk during the war years.

What is most interesting in these diaries, as in others, is the process of self-stylization, which can even be called self-creation if one takes the self in question to be those features the writer has chosen to endorse and thus, in a sense, to energize. In Waugh's case, one sees him turning away at eighteen from an early proto-self, made up of materials supplied largely by his father.

Arthur Waugh was a man of letters when men of letters seemed to be doing better than ever before in terms of pay and prestige—when the calling was vulgarized. As a schoolboy, Evelyn, like his father, collected books, spent money on bindings, cultivated his style, and planned novels. He was very High Church in his Anglicanism, and though this does not seem to have been one of Arthur Waugh's traits, it fits well with the syndrome of semi-aristocratic habits the family cultivated. Arthur Waugh spoke of his suburban London house as having "stout timbers," as if it were a feudal mansion, and Evelyn, at fifteen, drew a blazon of his mother's and father's coats of arms.

But Arthur Waugh was "theatrical," as his sons said, and his aristocratic aspirations, like other things he believed in and wanted, were half playful. He was, in fact, an amateur actor and humorist, but when his sons called him "theatrical" they meant that socially and literarily and ideologically he was archly sentimental and lovable and inauthentic. Evelyn says in his autobiography that as a boy he could never admire his father—that he would have been gratified even to find his father using a cut-throat razor instead of a safety one—and that by the time he left school they were out of sympathy. In a 1927 entry, Evelyn says that he has lost his last miserable teaching job and that it is time to think about becoming a man of letters—a defeat in his eyes.

What he turned to ultimately was a more manly and military and aristocratic creed. But the line of his development was obscured by the general revolt of youth against militarism at the end of the war. Evelyn's second diary entry, at the age of eight, records his getting a present of tin soldiers, being read to by his mother about the Navy, and determining to become a sailor. But by 1919, while still at school, he was directing a lot of his anarchic protest against the Army Corps there.

So while he was at Oxford, and later in the social world he described in his most famous novels, Waugh mocked the Army and the military caste and the virtues it stands for—courage, honor, duty, manliness. He and the Bright Young People and other writers like Harold Acton, Cyril Connolly, and Peter Quennell were aristocratic, in a mocking, anarchic way, but antimilitarist. Like them, he cultivated aristocratic tastes in dress and walking sticks, food and drink, social and racial snobbery– his diary in 1945 records meeting a "Wop highbrow named Moravia." What distinguished Evelyn Waugh from the others was that he was romantically and passionately attracted to the military virtues also. This became most obvious during the war, when he joined up enthusiastically and served bravely—though he was not, apparently, an efficient soldier. He, and he alone, saw that the aristocratic graces which he and his friends so loved were real only when rooted in the military virtues.

He was alone among those friends (and suffered and therefore made them suffer), but one can find literary precedents for his behavior. Tolstoi, when he began his literary career in the 1850s, acted the officer and the dandy to colleagues like Turgenev and Nekrasov, accusing them of lacking honor in their writing and fire in their thinking. He and Waugh found the literary world, and the modern world in general, a shifty, sleazy, slippery place, and they looked for an older, fiercer mode of being that would guarantee them against those dangers.

But to mention Tolstoi is to remind oneself of how much smaller a figure Waugh was. He responded to experience in such limited ways because he stylized himself in such sharp terms. What, for instance, could have passed through his head when he read Tolstoi, or Lawrence? The diary gives no clue, so it was perhaps nothing he could write down. Probably nothing passed through Waugh's head, since he designed himself as a satire machine that couldn't operate on that material; his machinery only came to life when its specified intake was provided. Consequently, the reader needs to bring to these diaries, and to Waugh's novels, another, non-Wauvian sense of what was going on in England then. Against that larger, deeper, broader tendency, Waugh's defiant and destructive wit then plays with real force and pathos. ◉

Martin Green is author of several books, including Transatlantic Patterns *and* Children of the Sun.

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Books in Brief

Blind Date
by Jerzy Kosinski
Houghton Mifflin, 236 pp., $8.95

Jerzy Kosinski's books are an unusual hybrid of adventure-thriller and abstract novel organized in a series of exciting, disconnected anecdotes that create the pinball effect of a work in perpetual formation.

Like his creator and the protagonists of *Steps* and *Cockpit*, *Blind Date*'s George Levanter is a Soviet émigré possessed of a cynicism equally cool about Communist zeal and capitalist greed. He styles himself as investor and idea man, comports himself as shrewd exploiter and avenger. He also shares with Kosinski's other anti-heroes a striking lack of personality, an almost total emotional neutrality even when engaged in the most brutal forms of violence.

Blind Date is the most international and political of Kosinski's novels to date. Key episodes focus on Levanter as a "just" persecutor of political criminals and hatchet men—episodes that stand in juxtaposition to the "evil" Levanter, whose appetites encompass rape, prostitution, and incest.

Kosinski is a kind of reporter, in the tradition of Céline, on the values—or non-values—of our age. Man, by these lights, has no moral character: He will serve any master, inevitably choosing survival and cheap thrills over the historical accidents of ideology. Kosinski's novels enjoy their popularity because of the public's prurient desire for continuous arousal. This accessibility is Kosinski's greatest irony.

—CAROLE COOK

The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman
by J. P. Donleavy
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 403 pp., $9.95

J. P. Donleavy is still J. P. Donleavy, with his lyrical sense of profusion and blarney and his characteristic momentum. But in this picaresque farce about a young Irish aristocrat with the eyes of an angel, he gives us a big, drafty, and finally empty novel that is much like Andromeda Park, Darcy Dancer's ancestral estate.

Upon his mother's death, the lad Darcy becomes a victim of his cruel ne'er-do-well father and must negotiate his way through a prep school fire, several debauched fox hunts, and an acquaintance with the Dublin dissipated set before making his fortune during an uncommonly lucky day at the racetrack. There is a lot of eating and drinking along the way, a lot of broken crockery, lechery, views of the lush Irish countryside, and reports on the weather; but the reader begins to yearn for something more than forced exuberance and determined scatological humor.

Less wicked than simply pleasurable is Darcy's initiation in love at the hands of his lovely Germanic housekeeper, Miss von B. This relationship is worth any number of the repetitious fantasies of revenge and retribution wherein the wild bores and malicious snobs of the novel invariably receive the humiliation they deserve. But, frustratingly, Donleavy leaves this love story unresolved—as if he has taken too literally the needless advice that one Dublin con artist bestowed upon plucky Darcy Dancer: "Bash on regardless."

—JOE DAVID BELLAMY

SUN MYUNG MOON
and the Unification Church

Is it true that the Reverend Moon came from a shady past involving sex scandal, multiple legal and illegal marriages? Has he "brainwashed" America's youth, forcing parents to engage in drastic kidnapping and deprogramming techniques? Is the Unification Church "a new Christianity" soon to catch fire and take over America? Or is it a bogus religious institution using spiritual doctrine to mask political and economic ambitions?

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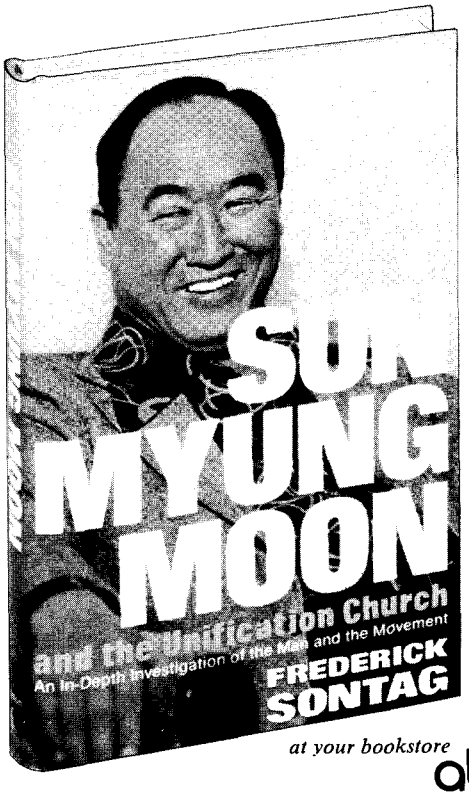

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by Frederick Sontag
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. . . Any movement which arouses such widespread public attention and deep emotion needs exploration and study, not just as a journalistic sensation but as a phenomenon to be understood in its motivations as well as its manifestations. . . . The views of the author are not necessarily those of the publisher, nor does publication imply endorsement or support of the Unification Church, its leaders, tenets, or activities."

From the Publisher's Preface

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The Franco Years
by Jose Yglesias
Bobbs-Merrill, 274 pp., $10

Like the sculptor who whittles a graceful swan from a block of ice, Jose Yglesias has unearthed the spirit of a nation long buried under the shroud of political tyranny. *The Franco Years* is cast in an aura of cultural schizophrenia; Spain is portrayed as the aggressor and the victim torn by its barbed-wire meshwork of romance and despair. We are left with a bewildering image of the country, yet enough vital signs exist to indicate that the spirit, the romantic heart, of Spain will prevail.

Yglesias obviates his calculated bias, without firebombing the specter of Franco, by allowing the history to flow from the mouths of all classes of citizenry who opposed the Fascist regime. The intimations, however, are strong enough. The author spent a great deal of time among dedicated poets, loving infidels, political aspirants, and mine workers whose advanced stages of silicosis forced them to replace toil with courage. This is a powerful work about survivors who found strength in their oppression.

Yet Yglesias has the eye of a novelist; he sees passion as a source of communication and interprets his subjects' emotions with eloquent objectivity. It is with that balance that we come to experience their past fears and understand the new dignity of a proud nation. —ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

The Trail of the Fox
by David Irving
Thomas Congdon/Dutton, 512 pp., $15

We saw the legend in the making. Even as we trembled over the fate of the Suez Canal in those critical months of 1942, we developed a reluctant admiration for the bold German tank commander who sent his Afrika Korps in those wide sweeps into the desert, threatening time after time to outflank the British lines of defense. Though we breathed a sigh of relief when he was finally held at El Alamein and cheered when Montgomery's Eighth Army penetrated his lines, eventually turning the North African campaign into an Axis rout, we did not lose our esteem for the man we by then called the Desert Fox.

By the time of his death, in 1944, a considerable mythology, partly of his own making, had grown up around Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. The widespread rumors at the war's end that he had been forced into suicide for his complicity in the plot to assassinate Hitler confirmed what we had believed all along—that Rommel was a decent sort of fellow who, it appeared, had led a resistance movement against the Reich. He became, as David Irving puts it in *The Trail of the Fox*, "America's favorite Nazi."

Irving's careful research verifies that Rommel did possess, along with a generous share of foibles, many admirable qualities, that his behavior was less quirky than that, say, of Montgomery. The author rejects out of hand, however, the notion that Rommel was disloyal to the Führer. Pessimistic about Germany's chances of winning the war in the West, Rommel sought permission to open negotiations with his old adversary Montgomery in the hope of obtaining an armistice—a request coldly received by Hitler. But plot against the Führer? Never! Fidelity was fundamental to Rommel's nature; he was as faithful to Hitler in the service of the fatherland as he was to his wife, Lucie, in marriage. Complicated circumstances that

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Irving explores in detail led to Rommel's becoming the scapegoat of the actual conspirators.

The Trail of the Fox is not likely to lead to the bitter controversy that buffeted David Irving's previous book, *Hitler's War.* About the most shocking revelation he has come up with this time is that "the modern Hannibal" was, believe it or not, a slightly henpecked husband.

—GEORGE H. REEVES

A Matter of Records: Fred Gaisberg and the Golden Era of the Gramophone
by Jerrold Northrop Moore
Taplinger, 272 pp., $10.95

John Hammond on Record
by John Hammond with Irving Townsend
Ridge/Summit Books, 416 pp., $12.50

For most of the phonograph's first hundred years, the record producer was an unsung hero—a behind-the-scenes factotum who discovered new artists, put them under contract, decided what repertoire they should perform, and took charge of their recording sessions, all without any public recognition. Well, he is unsung no longer. Today the record producer gets prominent album billing along with that of the performer, and he even rates space on the bookshelf.

Jerrold Northrop Moore's *A Matter of Records* recounts the life story of the first and foremost of the pioneer producers: Fred Gaisberg, who cut Caruso's earliest discs in a Milan hotel room 75 years ago. An American expatriate employed by the London-based Gramophone Company, Gaisberg scoured Europe in search of talent, and for more than 40 years he supervised the recordings of such paragons as Chaliapin, Kreisler, Schnabel, and Casals. Moore is too young to have known Gaisberg in the flesh, but he has a close affinity with that remarkable impresario of the 78-rpm disc, and he has marshaled memoirs, diaries, and letters into a readable and useful biography.

John Hammond is still very much with us; yet he, too, was a pioneer record producer, in the domain of jazz. His nose for talent is like Don Giovanni's for women. The list of artists whom Hammond first brought into the recording studio reads almost like a who's who of popular music in our time. It includes Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian, Aretha Franklin, and Bob Dylan—and that just skims the surface. In addition to his musical proclivities, John Hammond has also been a pioneer in the fight for racial integration and equality. A less likely candidate for the role would be hard to imagine, for this music-mad, free-thinking champion of liberal causes is a direct descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt and was brought up in a steadfastly WASP and Social Register environment. There is a marvelous account in his book of a concert he arranged in the ballroom of the Hammond town house on East Ninety-first Street, at which Benny Goodman first played the Mozart clarinet quintet in public. John's guests included the Fletcher Hendersons, the Walter Whites, Mildred Bailey, Red Norvo, and Charlie Barnet; his mother's included Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Alice Van Rensselaer, and Gertrude Whitney.

John Hammond's independent income always made him an uncompromisingly independent record producer, a perfectionist who was never afraid to speak his mind. In this engaging and informative autobiography, he continues to speak it loud and clear. —ROLAND GELATT ◉

ARLENE PORTNEY

HOME: Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27

PROFESSION: Concert pianist

HOBBIES: Mountain climbing, model-railroading, squash.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ada" by Vladimir Nabokov

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: First American woman ever to have won first prize in a major international piano competition: The Prix Beracasa, Paris, France.

QUOTE: "I've always felt that art is to be cherished. It convinces us of the dignity of life, and that for which civilizations have been remembered."

PROFILE: Sensitive, gifted and thoroughly dynamic. A true romantic, she's committed to making music more accessible to everyone.

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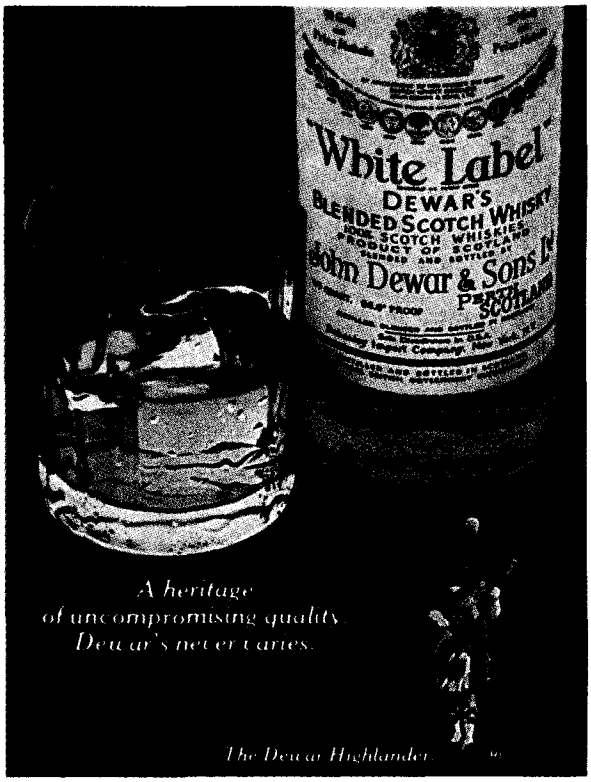

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Fine Print

A Natural Curiosity

by Doris Grumbach

I INTEND to back into this hymn of praise to a new book, *Caught in the Web of Words: James A. H. Murray and the Oxford English Dictionary*, by K. M. Elisabeth Murray (Yale University Press, $15), not because this excellent biography does not deserve immediate and wholehearted praise, but because the book is overshadowed by its subject, James Murray; the great work he edited, the *Oxford English Dictionary*; and the publisher that stood by it for almost one hundred years, the Oxford University Press.

In 1978 the press, which has enjoyed an astonishing longevity for any institution, let alone a printing press, will celebrate its five hundredth birthday. The *Oxford English Dictionary* (commonly called the *OED*) is only one of its glories; the press has also published the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Bibles and Books of Common Prayer since the seventeenth century, and the fine Clarendon Press books. Above all these notable works towers the *OED*.

The members of England's Philological Society felt there was a need for an intensive and extensive history of English words, and so in 1857 they proposed compiling such a dictionary. Twenty-two years later, the undertaking was finally begun in a small corrugated iron shed called the Scriptorium, which was adjacent to the home of its first and major editor, James Murray. The first volume appeared in 1884, and 40 years later the 13-volume dictionary was completed.

What kind of dictionary is it? It was not intended to rival the *Webster's* volume, which records good literary usage. The preface to the first volume of the *OED* states its purpose and indicates its scope:

> To furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use at any time during the last seven hundred years... how, in what shape, and with what signification [each individual word] became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what processes, and when.

This information is accompanied by examples of a word's usage, from the first known occurrence of the word to the last. Almost two million quotations illustrate the almost half million words.

The *OED* is the Everest among dictionaries. Its 13 volumes (actually, one- and two-volume editions of the whole are now available) are monuments to the skills of Murray, of his fellow editors, and to innumerable philologists and amateur searchers after words. It is one of the boasts of the dictionary that much of the labor of finding and recording words was done by volunteer readers all over the British Isles and in the United States. And what is more, it is a scholarly amateur, James Murray, who is responsible in large measure for the shape, the depth, the extraordinary accuracy of the whole.

Who was he? Murray was born in 1837 in Denholm, a Scotch border town, into a family too poor to send its sons to university. By the time he was seven, Murray had started to collect strange words in Latin and Greek and had begun to educate himself in languages as he came upon them, developing his interest in the pronunciation and derivations of words. His home was pious. James came to believe that a special providence was protecting him and guiding him toward a career in philology and dictionary-making—and so it did.

When he was a young man, Murray went to London to make his living as a bank clerk, but he spent all his spare time studying dialects and phonetics.

Then, thinking he could have more time if he left the bank, Murray moved his growing family to Mill Hill, where he happily taught at a boys' school for many years and began work on the *OED*. Later he moved to Oxford, taking his staff to a new Scriptorium, a building in which he was to work until two weeks before he died. To his great disappointment, he failed to get an appointment to the faculty at Oxford because he lacked the proper academic credentials.

Throughout his tenure as editor, the dictionary caused him every kind of personal and professional difficulty. The Delegates (directors) of the Oxford University Press wanted him to get on with it; in 10 years, they complained, only three letters of the alphabet had been completed. They worried about costs and suggested ways to cut them. They suggested that entries be abbreviated. But like all visionaries, Murray resisted every attempt to hurry him or to make him depart from his standards. Wearing his velvet academic cap (he prided himself on his honorary degrees and, later, on his knighthood), he went on in his own way, overworking, ruining his health in the damp Scriptorium (he was to die of pleurisy), and losing, as Elisabeth Murray writes, "both his sense of humor and his serenity" under the blows dealt him—insufficient pay, poor and transient staff, criticism of his methods by eminent Oxonians like Benjamin Jowett and Lyttelton Gell. He was close to mental collapse many times and at one time was driven to such despair that he thought the only solution for him was to move to America.

He died in 1915. In spite of setbacks, he had single-handedly edited nearly half of the original volumes of the *OED* and was finishing the letter *t*. To this work he had given 35 years of his life. The dictionary, delayed by World War I, finally appeared in 1928, the first supplement in 1933.

The new book from which I have extracted this account and which filled me with astonishment and admiration for Murray is written by his granddaughter. She has achieved a balanced and objective work of careful scholarship, bringing to life the man who declared "I am not a literary man—I am a man of science." Some of her grandfather's concern for scrupulous research and his passion for words is apparent in her book. The biography ends with a lovely chapter about Murray the family man, who devotedly loved his wife and fathered 11 children. The family adhered to a regular regimen for practicing their faith and were led by their deeply religious father, who was also expert in botany, geology, archaeology, and philately.

John Scott, whose support Murray had sought early in his career, wrote of him after reading his credentials, "He must be a natural curiosity." Professor F. J. Child of Harvard urged his colleagues to visit three landmarks when they were in England: Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, "and the Scriptorium at Mill Hill, where the Big Dictionary was being made." Alas, we are all too late for that privilege, but we do have the *OED*, for which we can thank the longevous press. And now we have Elisabeth Murray's careful, loving, and eloquent biography. ◉

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Lifeguard.

You've probably come to think of your pharmacist as a helpful professional.

But he or she is more important to you than that. Much more.

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Hence the need for a constant source of drug information. Someone who can consult with your doctors about drug therapy. Someone who may detect potential medication problems and help prevent them.

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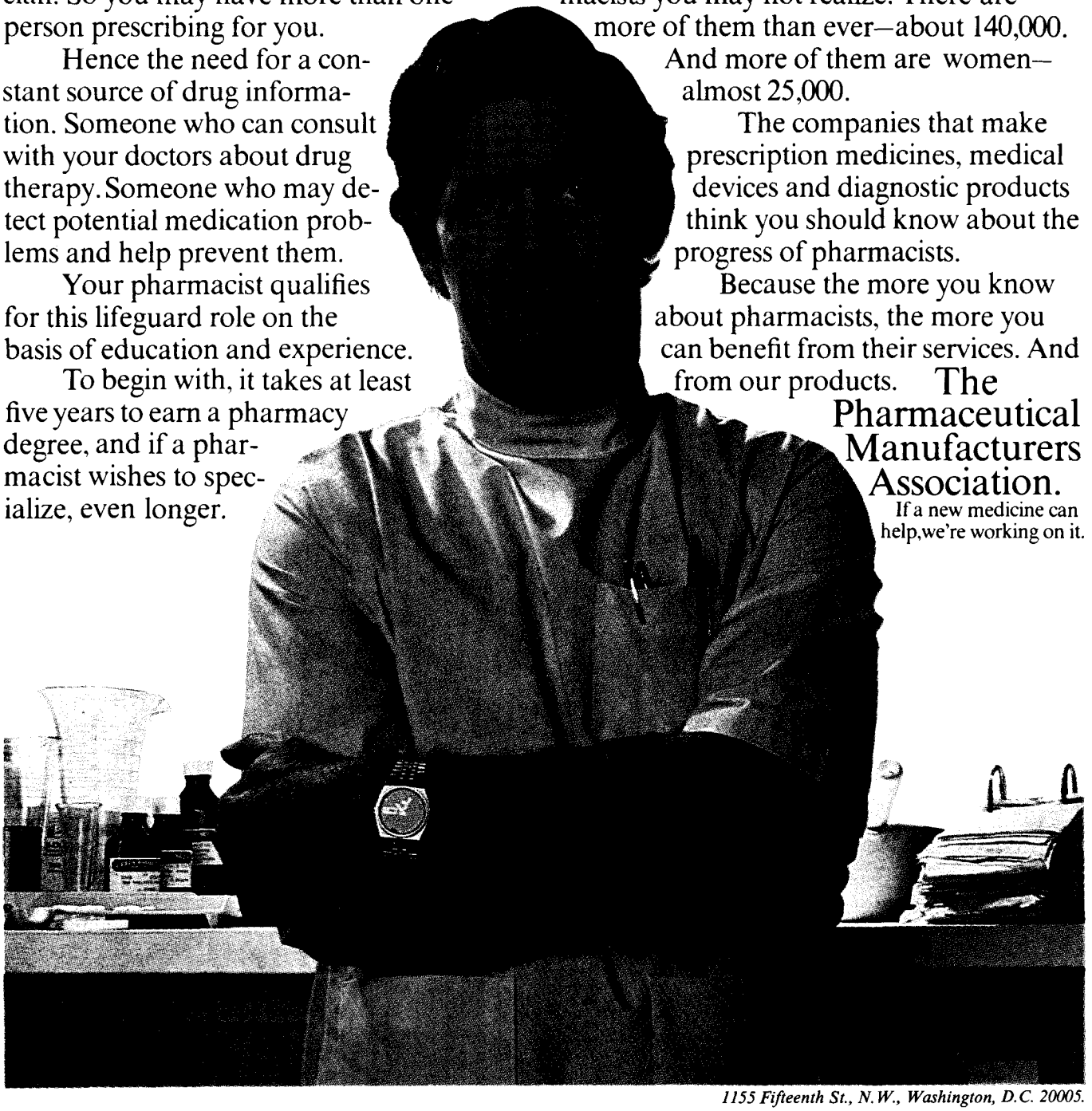
The companies that make prescription medicines, medical devices and diagnostic products think you should know about the progress of pharmacists.

Because the more you know about pharmacists, the more you can benefit from their services. And from our products.



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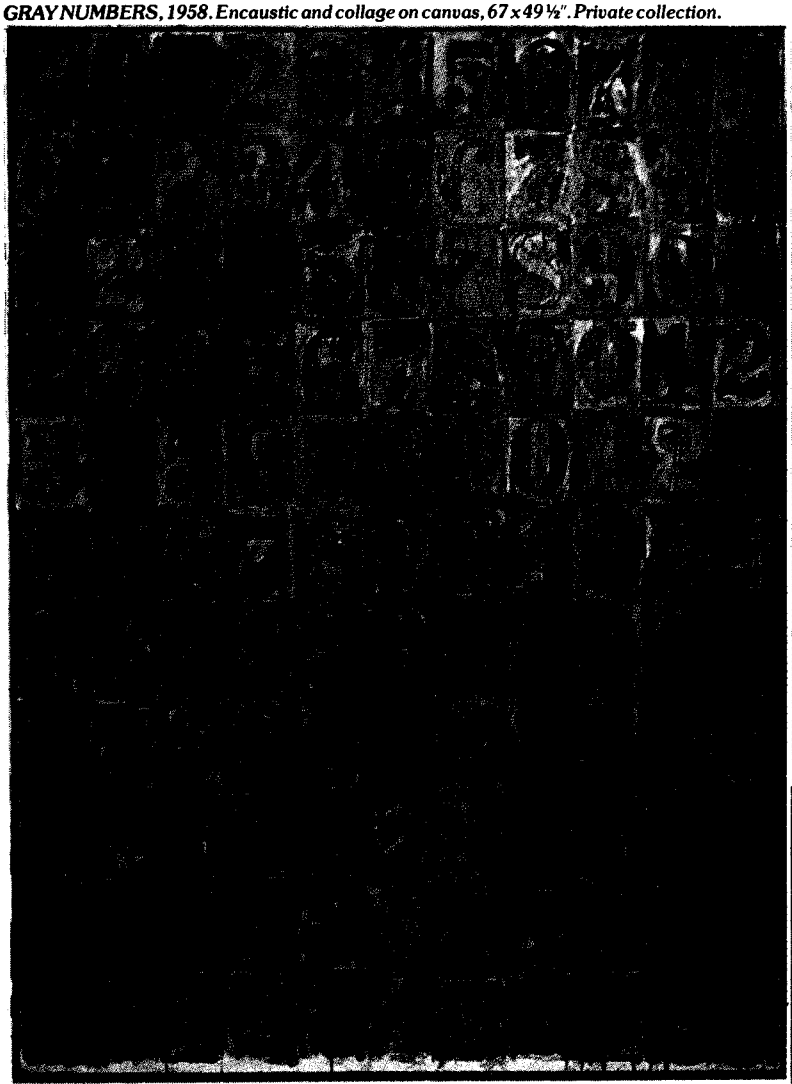
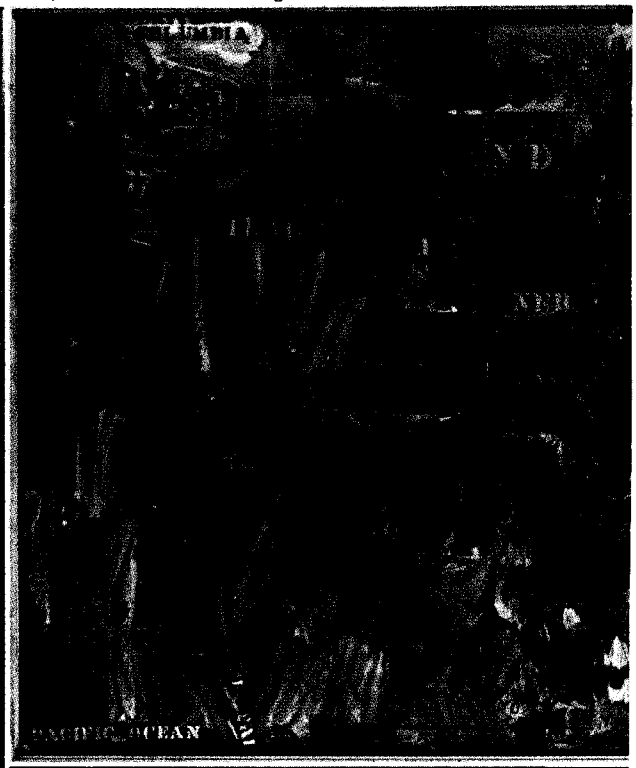
"Take a

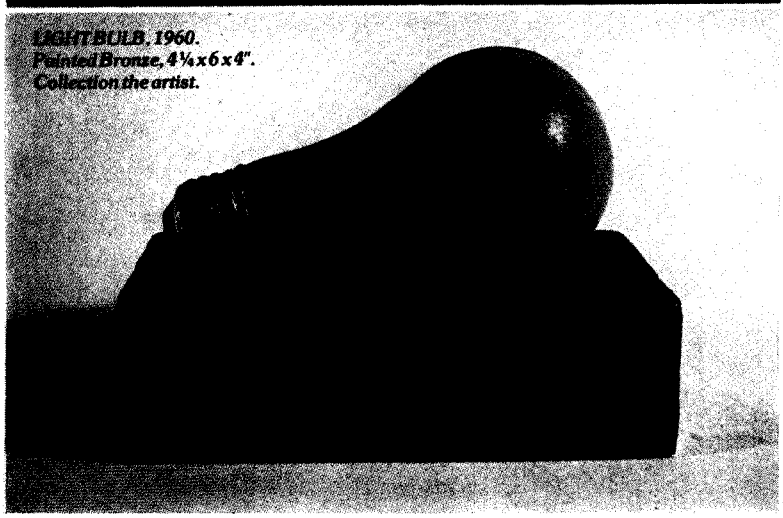
GRAY NUMBERS, 1958. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 67 x 49½". Private collection.



MAP, 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60 x 93". Private collection.



LIGHT BULB, 1960.
Painted Bronze, 4¼ x 6 x 4".
Collection the artist.



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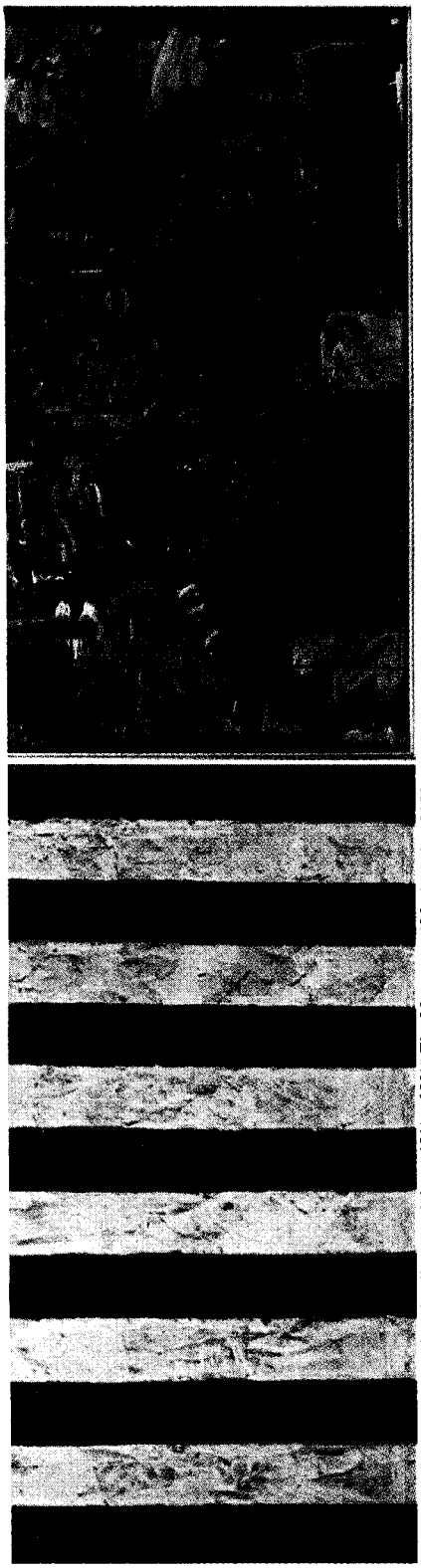

FLAG, 1955. Encaustic, oil and collage on fabric, 42¼ x 60⅝". The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Do something to it. Do something else to it. Do something else to it."

That's a quotation from the notebooks of Jasper Johns, and you can see some of the classic results on the left—and a comprehensive exhibition of his works at the Whitney Museum of American Art this fall.

It's not a prescription for every artist; it's a description of the art of becoming, of a way of traveling from the known to the unknown.

And for more than 20 years, Johns has taken the journeys and brought back not merely things to see, but a fresh way of seeing the things we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this survey of the artist's work, and why we invite you to see it at the Whitney Museum or at the other museums listed below. In our business, as in yours, it's necessary to see fresh promise in familiar things, and to be reminded that our best guides in the journey toward the unknown are individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"Jasper Johns," an exhibition organized by the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y. appears there from Oct. 18, 1977 to Jan. 22, 1978; Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Feb. 12 to April 9, 1978; Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris, April 30 to June 29, 1978; The Seibu Museum of Art, Tokyo, July 28 to Sept. 20, 1978; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Oct. 15 to Dec. 10, 1978. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Nine in One

Howard Nemerov, born in 1920, is one of the dozen finest poets in America. He's published nine books of verse in the past 30 years, as well as a great deal of fiction. A book of his essays on poetry, *Figures of Thought*, will be brought out by Godine in November. Nemerov's poetry roves all over: the academic life, sex, marriage, death, nature, poetry itself. All this and some extremely stinging epigrams are to be found in *The Collected Poems of Howard Nemerov*, just published by the University of Chicago Press at $17.50 ($20 after December 31) and worth every penny. A bonanza of a book, bound to please even the most finicky reader. Here is a sampling, "A Primer of the Daily Round":

A peels an apple, while B kneels to God,
C telephones to D, who has a hand
On E's knee, F coughs, G turns up the sod
For H's grave, I do not understand
But J is bringing one clay pigeon down
While K brings down a nightstick on L's head,
And M takes mustard, N drives into town,
O goes to bed with P, and Q drops dead,
R lies to S, but happens to be heard
By T, who tells U not to fire V
For having to give W the word
That X is now deceiving Y with Z,
Who happens just now to remember A
Peeling an apple somewhere far away.

Let George

Uh, uh, I'm not getting into any ring with the heavyweight champ. No, no, you won't see me up there on the high trapeze. Go on the football field with those brutes? Not this kid. Let George do it. And he does! Who other than George Plimpton, whose newest, and best, book is *Shadow Box* (Putnam's, just out, $9.95). George knows everybody, and the book is full of Tennessee, Truman, Ken Tynan, Papa, Archie and Marianne Moore, Hunter Thompson, and, of course, the onliest Ali. The chapter on Hemingway is a stunner, and you can't help but dislike the old man. I think boxing—oh, yes, that's what the book is about—is such an interesting sport because everybody connected with it is a bit cracked: the boxers, the trainers, the corner men, even the fans. You never saw such a bunch of nougats in your life. And George writes beautifully about them; he's right up there with John Lardner and A. J. Liebling. He speaks of Ali's ploy of "the unexpected materialization":

I remembered on one occasion, the year before, driving through Queens with a reporter, Ali had stopped the car and tiptoed up behind a truck driver who was changing a tire. "I hear you're talking around town that you can whup me," the fighter said. "Well, here I is."

The truck driver's ears had turned a quick red and he spun on his haunches to stand up; and then, seeing Muhammad, and recognizing him, his jaw dropped, and he froze in a curious half stoop, the tire iron clattering from his hand as the fighter grinned at him and stepped back for his car.

The Anthologist's Carafe

Simon & Schuster publishes a popular series of "Fireside" anthologies on topics ranging from chess to folk songs to sports (I've done one on humorous poetry). Now here comes wine expert Alexis Bespaloff with *The Fireside Book of Wine* (November 27, $12.95). He serves us long stretches and snippets about the flowing stuff by the masters on the subject—George Saintsbury, André Simon, Julian Street—and the students—T. S. Eliot, Henry James, Evelyn Waugh. A jeroboam of essays, humor, fiction, and anecdotes—which I like best. I especially enjoy rolling around on my palate the story of the teetotaler who was offered a glass of port. "I would rather commit adultery than drink port," he said. "And who wouldn't," replied his host. And, from Julian Street's "Table Topics":

It was in Saumur, where we were tasting wines with a group of wine merchants from the Isle of Jersey, that we heard one of the most amusing phrases to describe taste which has ever come our way. The year in question had no distinction we could discover, and we handed the problem to a colleague.

He sniffed, tasted, considered; then, with a slow nod of agreement, said: "Nothing there—like kissing your aunt."

Irish Coffee-Table Book

Of making of many books about Ireland there is no end. We have most recently had *Rambles in Ireland* (a title that could have been more sparkling), by Monie Begley (Devin-Adair, $15), which is basically a guide, and a good one, of where to stay and where to eat. For those who want an Irish coffee-table book, there's *The Irish World: The Art and Culture of the Irish People*, edited by Brian de Breffny (Abrams, just out, $28.50). It's loaded with beautiful, rich colorplates and arrived just in time to tie in with the exhibition "Treasures of Early Irish Art" (including The Book of Kells), which opened at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in the middle of October. But this is more than just an art book: Experts talk about the geography, geology, history, religion, politics, art, and poetry of Ireland, bringing things right up to the present. The American ambassador to Ireland, William V. Shannon, wrote a piece about the Irish in America, which I feel doesn't belong in a book about the old country. And I have a few demurrers about the accuracy of the volume: Damned if my own grandfather's name isn't misspelled as O'Donovan Rosa instead of O'Donovan Rossa; the poet Seamus Heaney, my dear friend, comes out (twice) as Heeney; and the great Flann O'Brien is curtailed to Flan. Ah, well, the book originated with an English publisher, and the English have still got it in for the Irish. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 95

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

H UHL'C KQLTVHLIR KC HC UWIF FKC DVKBHNR DVTDRVNP, HLG HC DVRIKTWC KL FKC TOL RPRC, HC FKC JHUKEP SKSER.

—T. O. FTEURC

Wit Twister No. 106
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 62.*

— — — — — — and regal,
poised, demure,
Queen Co-ed bows her — — — — — — — coiffure—
But not too low, lest Beauty's crown,
Now — — — — — — there,
come tumbling down!

Contributed by Mrs. Thomas E. Harris, Alexandria, Va.

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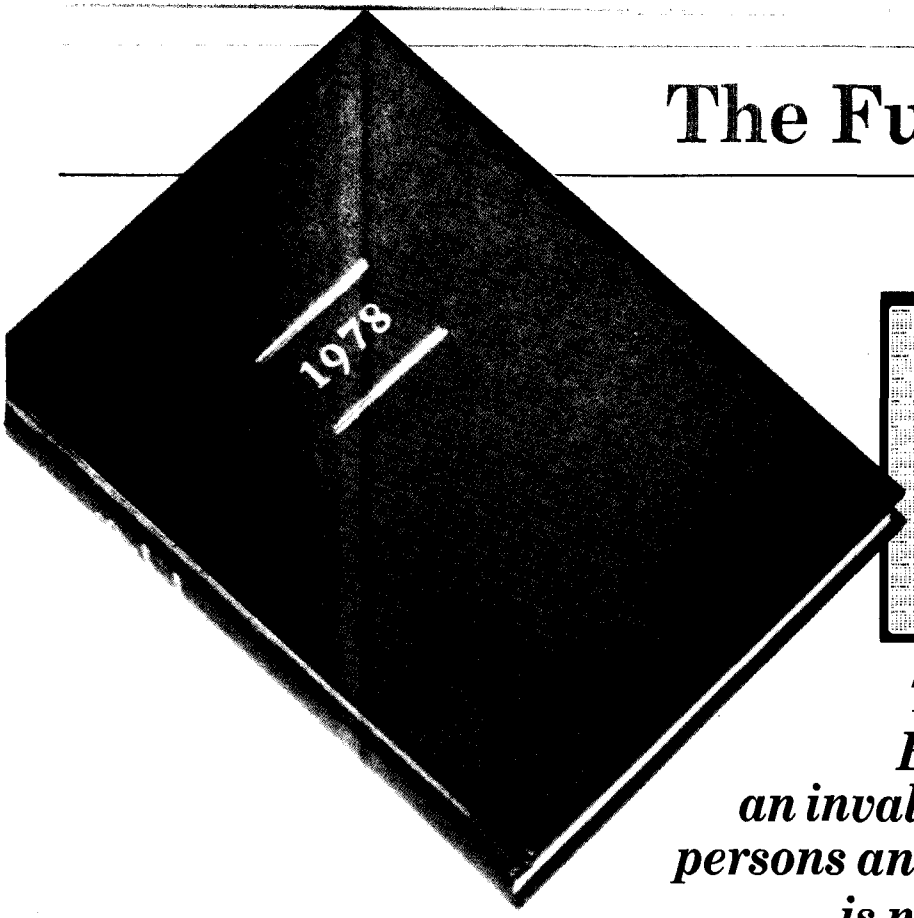

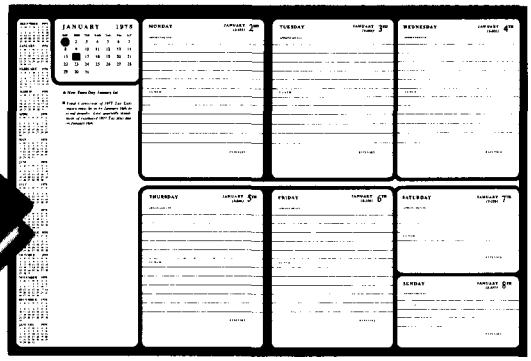

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Marvin Mattelson

50 YEARS OF THE TALKIES

It has been 50 years since movie actors spoke and sang for the first time on screen. Since then, the marriage of sound to film has revolutionized the industry, bringing fortune or ruin to the stars of silent film, worldwide fame to later generations of performers, and profits galore to Hollywood producers. In the commemorative articles that follow, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., assesses the impact of the talkie on American life ; Peter Andrews tells how the advent of sound affected everyone and everything concerned with the movie-making process; and Irving Kolodin pays tribute to composers who have written memorable scores for movies.

AMERICA AT THE MOVIES

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

THE TALKING PICTURE has risen and fallen and may yet rise again. For the first half of its 50 years, it was the reigning American pastime. It penetrated the national imagination far more than the silent film had done. In 1927, the year Al Jolson violated the hush of the silver screen, only 57 million Americans a week were seeing movies. In 1930, when the talkie had come into its own, the figure rose to 90 million.

Even during the Depression-ridden Thirties, weekly attendance averaged over 75 million. From 1946 through 1948 it was back to 90 million again. Then television arrived, the next phase in the electronic invasion of American life. As tall piles of coins crumbled on the great screen to indicate the Wall Street crash, so Hollywood went into its own collapse. The population expanded; the movie audience contracted. Theaters closed down. Studios went over to the enemy and began producing for the home screen. In recent years there have come signs of a film revival, welling from the bottom up, manifest on campuses, in bookshops, film societies, tiny theaters. The movies, having resigned the mass audience to television, have now the chance to find new life in specialized audiences, small houses, and pictures made on location. Like Great Britain, however, movies have lost an empire but have not yet quite gained a role.

In the palmy days when the sun never set on Hollywood, no one could doubt the impact movies had on America and the world. As early as 1933, Henry James Forman, summarizing the results of studies undertaken by the Payne Fund, called his book *Our Movie-Made Children*. The historian Robert Sklar gave his interesting volume on the movies and American life an even more sweeping title: *Movie-Made America*. We all *know* that film has affected, or infected, a multitude of aspects of American civilization. But, despite a generation of analysis by sociologists and psychologists, we have no sure ideas how this process works or exactly what difference movies have made to American society.

Economic historians have a device known in their trade as the counterfactual proposition. The counterfactual proposition aims to test the significance of a specific phenomenon by trying to work out what might have happened had that phenomenon not existed. For example, historians have always supposed that railroads were a necessary condition of American economic growth. Then a bright young scholar named Robert W. Fogel scandalized the profession by endeavoring to demonstrate that American economic growth would have been almost as great had the railroad never been invented.

Can we imagine modern America without the movies? Certainly they have made no difference to gross political and economic events. There would have been the first and the second world wars, the Depression, the New Deal, the cold war, whether or not there were motion pictures. Film exploited these situations after the fact. It played no role in bringing them about. The influence of movies has been more subtle and impalpable; they have not deflected the course of history but rather have altered the evolution of attitudes.

To understand how film has altered attitudes we must re-

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flect for a moment on the nature of the cinematic enterprise. As I mentioned last time, film is a highly duplicitous art. It is, on the one hand, a collective undertaking, delivered by an assembly line to an anonymous audience. In this respect it is perhaps like cathedral-building in the Middle Ages. But it is very different from cathedral-building in that we think of movies above all in terms of individuals—of the creative personalities of directors and producers, the vivid personalities of actors and actresses. Or consider another contradiction: The technical facility of film lies presumably in verisimilitude—in the literal reproduction of the surfaces of life. Yet its cultural function has been to serve as the instrument, not of realism, but of myth and dream. And while the manifest content of film is one thing, the latent content is often quite another. The implicit meaning and force of a movie may often be at war with its explicit moral.

The influence of movies, for all these and other reasons, is therefore covert, even furtive, and any discussion is bound to be problematic. But its deepest impact surely has been less on behavior than on perception. In its imperial age, from the time it dethroned radio until the time it was dethroned in turn by television, the talking picture was the great vehicle of the electronic revolution. When Henry Adams predicted in 1910 that the Mechanical Phase in history was giving way to what he called the Electric Phase, movies were still a working-class recreation, purveyed in storefront holes-in-the-wall in the poorer sections of the American city. By 1915 Vachel Lindsay, the first significant American theoretician of the movies, anticipated Marshall McLuhan when he wrote, "Edison is the new Gutenberg. He has invented the new printing." Without the movies we would not have begun so quickly the passage from the linear thought processes of the print culture to the instantaneousness, simultaneity, and collectivity—the altered perceptions and altered expectations—that mark the age of electronic communication.

Thus the medium; but what about the message? Here one must examine the social base of the film (and here I must acknowledge a particular debt to the insights of Professor Sklar). For early movies were largely made for and by people outside the traditional culture. The original audience, as noted, lay in working-class districts. There is no evidence, so far as I know, that Henry Adams or his friends ever saw a movie. The producers were very often Eastern European immigrants, men of energy and talent who wanted to be something more than glove salesmen, which was how Samuel Goldwyn began, but were debarred from other possibilities by a stiff-necked establishment. There are several ways by which vigorous minorities can bypass the orthodox routes to power and celebrity in American life. Sports is one; crime is another; film was a third.

It is too much to say that movies were an entirely immigrant domain. David Wark Griffith, the creative genius of American film, was after all a Kentuckian of old Confederate stock. But Griffith, it must not be forgotten, also came from a family that had been on the losing side (though he did his best to reverse the verdict in *The Birth of a Nation*). Movies, as Professor Sklar demonstrates, had an anti-establishment coloration from the start, even as those who made them tried hard to conquer respectability and the middle class.

For all this effort, movies remained a vehicle of pluralism and heterogeneity. This was somewhat true of silent films, far more aggressively true of talkies. The silent film exalted the image over the word. Still, foreigners like Valentino, Negri, Garbo, Lubitsch, von Stroheim, introduced George F. Babbitt to a new sophistication and cosmopolitanism. The talking picture furnished images with accents. The movie, always in quest of exoticism, explored parts of American society unknown to the respectable middle class. Ethnicity began to be legitimized as part of the fabric of American life, and was finally institutionalized in the obligatory mélange of military units in films about the Second World War. Regionalism, already legitimized in literature, gained a new infusion of energy.

Of course, insofar as talkies sought to inculcate a line, it was to reinforce middle-class morality. Producers and actors yearned more than ever for respectability. But they could not control (altogether) directors or writers—or audiences. On one level a homogenizing influence, the film thrived on variety and difference. The manifest content may have been dismissive, especially, and most grievously, toward the blacks. But even here the latent content implied a recognition of artistry that was more powerful in the long run than perfunctory obeisance to declining prejudice.

Movies have been at once unifying and disruptive—another example of duplicity. The film has provided a common dream life, a common fund of reference and fantasy, to a society riven by economic disparities and ethnic distinctions. At the same time, it has given the insulted and injured a disquieting sense of the acceptance, abundance, and fulfillment presumably available to the rest. What is anodyne for some may be incitement for others. One may hazard the guess that the movies have generated as much dissatisfaction as they have acquiescence.

The movies are simultaneously an industry that lives by stereotype and an art that very often undermines stereotype. Because the film was dimly perceived as threatening, a vast machinery (of which the Legion of Decency was only the most notorious part) was established to keep it down. But the movies somehow eluded the restrictions imposed on them. The visions thrust into circulation—visions of diversity, spontaneity, irreverence, aspiration, passion—prevailed in the end over such requirements as the prohibition of the double bed or the punishment of transgressors in the last reel.

I do not suggest that the impact has been entirely beneficial. The talkies have done their share to strengthen complacency, chauvinism, sexism, racism, and so on. Unquestionably, much of the hedonism that afflicts America today—the demand for instant gratification, the belief in selfhood over all, the waning concern for reason, discipline, achievement—is related to the cheap fantasy life so assiduously promoted by Hollywood over the years. But then, film is a highly duplicitous art. ◉

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SPEAKING OF TALKIES...

"In [*Holiday*, 1930]... one couldn't pick up a cue very quickly; there had to be time for the sound man to switch off one mike and switch on another, and that required a beat more than is natural. And the sound man was king. If he couldn't hear it, we couldn't shoot it.... You couldn't talk and pace up and down. For example, if the action started with you standing beside a table and then included a move to a chair by the fireplace, you could speak into a mike at the table, but you couldn't talk on the way over; you'd have to wait until you sat down—where there was another mike in the fireplace!" —Mary Astor, actress, from *A Life on Film* (Delacarte, 1971)

"Talk is the way I've put over my gags. In the silents I'd do a scene and say what I thought was the right thing, but they'd always change it in the titles. For instance, in *The Texas Steer* [1927] I was a congressman, and one day [was] walkin' along... when I met a white wings cleanin' the street. I said to him: 'Is yours a political job?' He looked at me in contempt. 'No,' he answers. 'Civil Service. We have to pass examinations!'

That gag had meanin'. What do you think they changed it to? I say to the fellow: 'One-horse town, what?' and he answers, 'You wouldn't think so in my job.' [An old] smart crack instead of satire."

No, the best part of the talkies is that when I say somethin' I say it, and it sticks." —Will Rogers, actor, interviewed for *Screenland*, October 1929

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"The movies should have married music instead of words."

—Lillian Gish, actress

"It would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkies instead of the other way around." —Mary Pickford, actress.

"It looks to me very much as if we are all going to work for the telephone company."

—Cecil B. De Mille, producer

Photos from Cinemabilia, except Mary Astor and Mary Pickford from Thousand Eyes

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THE BIRTH OF THE TALKIES

by Peter Andrews

IT IS a popular misconception that talking films were born 50 years ago with the premiere of *The Jazz Singer*. According to legend, the era of sound films was ushered in when Al Jolson appeared on the screen and an astonished audience in the darkened theater heard his voice utter the prophetic words "Listen! You ain't heard nothin' yet."

That is the kind of simplistic version of the birth of the talkies that makes serious motion picture historians tremble behind their copies of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. *The Jazz Singer*, they are quick to point out, was not the first anything. It was not the first movie to use music: Musical accompaniment was almost as old as film itself. Ever since *The Birth of a Nation* (1914), it was commonplace for a major film to have a musical score of its own. *The Jazz Singer* was not the first film to use synchronized sound: A year earlier, audiences had thrilled to the sight of a sword fight between John Barrymore and Montagu Love punctuated by the perfectly timed sounds of blades clashing. *The Jazz Singer* was not the first film to use speech. In fact, it had its Broadway opening 38 years to the day after a successful demonstration of talking pictures had been conducted by William K. Dickson in the Thomas Edison laboratories. *The Jazz Singer* was not the first film to use spoken dialogue in a dramatic setting: The French actor Benoît Constant Coquelin had performed his interpretation of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in an audible, if abbreviated, form as early as 1900. If it comes to that, *The Jazz Singer* was not even Al Jolson's first sound film. He had sung "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob Bobbin' Along" in a Warner Brothers musical short the year before.

So much for an unsophisticated public that knows little or nothing of the history of film. And yet, as Adolph Zukor discovered (to his immense profit), "the public is never wrong." In a very real sense, the misconception is a more astute observation than the details prized by historians. Before *The Jazz Singer*, the concept of talking pictures was, at best, imperfectly understood and highly experimental. Less than three years later, talkies had taken such complete control over the motion picture industry that *Fortune* magazine could editorialize that their evolution was, "beyond comparison, the fastest and most amazing revolution in the whole history of industrial revolutions."

As is often the case with revolutions, its creators had little idea of what they were starting. Dr. Lee De Forest, whose invention of the Audion tube was instrumental in making talking films commercially viable, thought the process would be useful only for newsreels and travel movies. As late as 1924, he said he foresaw no possibility of voice being used for dramatic films.

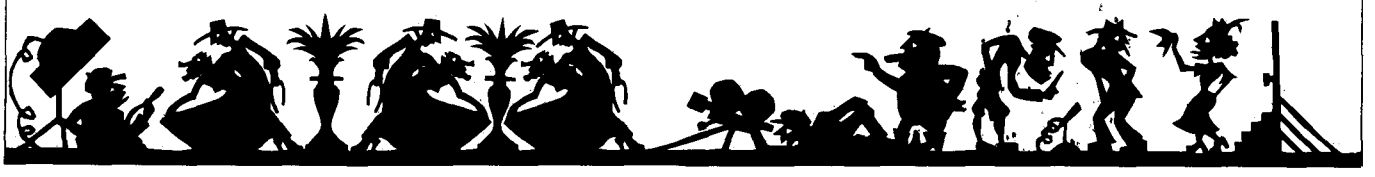
Even the Warner brothers themselves, who invested their last dollar and a few they didn't have into the Vitaphone process, could scarcely conceive of the genie they were letting out of the bottle. Pressed to the edge of bankruptcy, Warner Brothers, as troubled studios had done in the past and would do again, was reaching for a gimmick. Unable to match the lush musical sounds of live pit bands in the major opposition theaters, Warners had hoped to provide its own houses with a prerecorded musical score—with perhaps a few songs and sound effects thrown in—that would accompany each major film. When the idea of using spoken dialogue came up, Harry Warner said with dismay, "Who the hell wants to listen to actors?"

When the irrepressible Al Jolson ad-libbed in one scene and director Alan Crosland let the lines stay in, Hollywood found out that almost everybody wanted to listen to actors.

Even after the conversion to talking films became inevitable, the major Hollywood studios, with their huge inventories of existing silent films and chains of unwired movie houses, had hoped that silent and talking films could coexist for a dozen years or so while the industry made the transition in an orderly fashion. But the public would have none of that. They wanted talking pictures and nothing else. There are several technical and theatrical reasons for this sudden passion for talk: Loudspeaker systems had sufficiently advanced by this time to make the wiring of large theaters practicable; the introduction of network radio programming in 1926 had helped accustom the public ear to spoken drama; and the electric presence of Al Jolson, who could put over a song as could few entertainers in history, all played their parts. But possibly William de Mille, brother of the great C.B., put it best:

> People are quite willing to go out of their way to converse with a dumb man and take great pains to understand his signs or to read the little notes he scribbles as his only means of expression. But the minute they know he can speak but won't, then their whole attitude changes. What was an affliction becomes an affront. If he won't talk—to Hell with him.

Audiences that in 1926 had bought 20 million tickets a day to see silent movies said an emphatic and final "to Hell with it," and the entire popular art form that had enthralled a generation of Americans disappeared almost without a trace.



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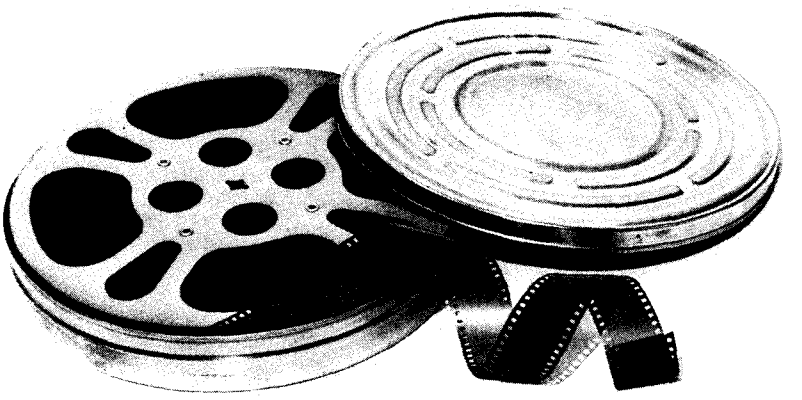

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In 1927 less than a dozen of the some 20,000 movie houses in America were equipped for sound. By 1929 more than 9,000 houses were wired, including all of the key houses in the larger urban areas (which accounted for more than 75 percent of the film industry's revenues). By 1930 a substantial 95 percent of the films produced in Hollywood were talkies. Except for a last hurrah by Charlie Chaplin and a semi-documentary by Robert Flaherty, even that little silent trickle would dry up as the final conversion to sound was made by small, rural movie houses.

It did not matter that most of the early talkies were among the worst films ever made. The sound quality was generally dreadful. Men, when they could be understood at all, talked with lisps. Synchronization was often so slipshod that speeches appeared out of the wrong mouths. Sound effects were crude. When a man took off his coat, it would sound like a fire at sea. Dramatic values were even worse. In a desperate effort to get some kind of sound film out on the market, producers released what were known as "goat gland" movies, films originally shot as silents but projected with one reel of sound stuck somewhere in the middle. As critic Gilbert Seldes said, "Not one of the talkies shown by midsummer [of 1929] is worth a minute of any intelligent person's time."

In those early turbulent months, however, audiences would listen as long as a movie made any sound at all. Conrad Nagel remembered a theater rocking with applause at the sound of a pair of eggs being fried in a skillet. By 1929 the silent movie was as "dead as the souvenir teaspoon," according to critic Wesley Stout, "and none but the professional adopters of lost causes will mourn at its tomb."

The silent movie world, both on and off the screen, that was smashed by the advent of sound was as delicate and artificial as a peek-in Easter egg but every bit as delightful to behold. The arrival of Mae Murray, late of the Ziegfeld Follies, at the studio for a day's work would have been worthy of the most opulent Graustarkian romance. Her cream-and-black Rolls Royce with two footmen in matching livery would tool onto the MGM parking lot. Miss Murray would put aside her sable lap robe and pop out coiffed and ready for camera, her diamonds gleaming in the morning California sun. Gloria Swanson, who used to spend $6,000 a year on perfume, remembered that "the public wanted us to live like kings and queens. So we did."

The screen images these stars projected were as far removed from reality as the stars themselves often were. Almost everyone who saw silents during the early 1920s recalls their sensual, dreamlike quality. Sitting in a theater, often cast in the mold of an Asian pleasure palace, the audience could lose itself in the realm of fantasy and romance that made up the bulk of silent movie fare. The really great silent film stars such as Lillian Gish had developed a style of mime that had never been seen before. Her work as Hester Prynne in the 1926 silent version of *The Scarlet Letter* was, as Pauline Kael has written, "one of the most beautifully sustained performances in screen history...it's as if there were no bones, no physical barriers between her intuitive understanding of the role and her expression of it."

It was the kind of luminous performance that would not survive in the new talkies. When Al Jolson sang "Toot, Toot, Tootsie," silent movies took a pie in the face and the panic was on.

William Haines, a handsome young leading man who was driven out of movies by sound, remembers, "it was the night of the *Titanic* all over again with women grabbing the wrong children and Louis B. Mayer singing 'Nearer, My God, To Thee.' "

The introduction of sound did not merely add a new dimension to films. For a time, until the new technique could be mastered, it changed just about everything involved with the movie-making process. The microphone became king and—a none-too-benevolent despot at that—had to be served in many different ways. First, there could be no noise. Even street traffic outside and airplanes above had to be stopped or rerouted during shooting. Since the camera could not be moved in the early days, nobody else was allowed to move either. The marvelous fluidity of silent films was lost for a time as actors, lashed to their marks, delivered lines into immobile microphones in front of stationary cameras. Silent films had been shot at 16 frames per second, but talkies required 24. Speeding up the film required double the lighting on the set and three times the heat. Actors, already perspiring audibly from the strain of having to learn lines, now found themselves working on broiling sound stages and were forced to wear rubber suits underneath their regular costumes to hide the streams of perspiration.

Ironies abounded during the conversion period. Silent movies had been shouted into existence; while the actors worked on their scenes, the director yelled at them through his megaphone, studio workmen hammered away on sets, and sometimes a small orchestra provided mood music. Talkies, however, were conceived in a cathedrallike hush, except for lines actually being read by the actors. Frank Capra felt that this suddenly imposed silence was the most difficult hurdle for experienced silent performers to overcome.

Even the moral climate of the studios changed with the advent of sound. Bette Davis, who arrived in Hollywood in 1930, was struck by how little night life there was in the famous fleshpots of Hollywood. "All the actors," she recalls, "were home in bed early learning their lines for the next day."

By the same token, however, things were loosening up for the people in the audience. With the arrival of sound, it was no longer necessary to keep one's attention glued to the screen to follow what was going on. As a result, young couples found they had more time to concentrate on each other and so, according to King Vidor, the concept of necking at the movies was born.

Producers weathered the crisis with no great difficulty. Producers generally do. Not one major studio folded during the hectic days of changeover. But the transition period was a time of great trial for the creative people of films—the actors and writers and directors. No career was safe. Indeed, the brighter the star, the more closely associated that star was in

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the public's mind with a certain kind of personality and the more dangerous the changeover was for that performer. Fan loyalty proved to be evanescent, and the audience was quick to laugh old favorites into obscurity if they didn't measure up.

As always happens in a disaster, a lucky few made it without a scratch. Carefully nurtured by MGM, Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer successfully made the transition. Ronald Colman, whose voice so perfectly matched his own romantic screen personality, hardly noticed the difference. With "America's Sweethearts" it was a different story. Mary Pickford whacked off her corkscrew curls and took a run at talkies. The magic was gone, however, and she soon retired. Douglas Fairbanks, who was already getting just a tad too old for the acrobatics that had made him famous on the screen, tried to go back to the light comedy work he had been so successful in at the start of his career. But he seemed too tired to really try and soon gave up. Norma Talmadge withdrew for a year of voice coaching and then made a comeback attempt. When it failed, she heeded the advice of her sister Constance, already retired, who said, "Leave them while you're looking good and thank God for the trust funds that Momma set up."

The list of failures is a long and dispiriting one. European performers whose accents were too heavy were paid off and sent back to the Continent. Emil Jannings had just enough time to pose with his Academy Award before taking the boat back to Germany. Labeled "difficult" because she fought for good scripts and good pictures, Lillian Gish was dropped as a has-been at the age of thirty-one. Clara Bow could never adjust to the microphone, so she cursed and kicked at it. Her career collapsed in a flurry of madness, alcohol, and sex scandal. The list goes on and on. Buster Keaton lost control of his production unit and was soon tossed aside by MGM. Marie Prevost's gum-popping accent would have suited her for second-string comedy parts, but she had been a romantic star and couldn't bear the comedown. She drank herself to death in a cheap apartment-hotel room in Los Angeles.

The classic story of Hollywood failure is that of John Gilbert. Gilbert failed not because his voice wasn't any good—he had a somewhat thin but acceptable tenor—but because the dashing, romantic hero he played had been thrown on the trash heap by the new realism required by talkies. He and the studio had thought he could carry on the grand romantic tradition of sweeping a woman in his arms and murmuring, "I love you, I love you" a few times. But audiences that had thrilled to his words in silence laughed at them in sound. Gilbert was through, and as Colleen Moore said, "It was years before anyone ever dared to say 'I love you' on the screen again." In an early Tom Mix talkie, the stalwart western hero was so tongue-tied he could only express his sentiment to his leading lady by taking his six-gun and shooting the words in the trunk of a tree.

For a few professionals in Hollywood, the arrival of sound meant a new career. Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, who were both considered washed-up as character actors in silent films, became major stars in talkies. William Powell, who had been a mildly interesting villain in silents, became the classic sophisticated urban leading man in talkies. Myrna Loy, who made a silent career out of playing Polynesian exotics, became a perky little leading lady. Gary Cooper had been little more than a decorative extra in silent films until the microphone discovered the star quality in his homespun drawl.

Stage-trained performers reacted to the advent of sound like miners to a gold rush. It seemed that every afternoon the Super Chief in from New York brought a new shipment of hopeful performers. But of the thousands who came to Hollywood during the transition period, there were only a few who made it. As Eleanora Duse had discovered in her first film in 1916, "Something quite different is needed." Three years after the release of *The Jazz Singer*, Clark Gable, Paul Muni, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Young, Katharine Hepburn, John Wayne, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Maurice Chevalier, and Fredric March all made their debuts in talking pictures.

The Hollywood these performers found was much different from that of the old silent days. The great directors were gone. D.W. Griffith was dismissed from Hollywood after the failure of *The Struggle*, and the profligate Erich Von Stroheim was given no chance to direct talkies at all. With production costs for talking films running 150 percent higher than silents, studio heads looked hard at directors who were "careless" with money. Even journeymen directors of the silent era had a hard time for a while. Producers could not believe that a man like Howard Hawks, who had never directed a stage play, could handle a movie with dialogue. Hawks was on the beach for a year and a half until he got a chance to direct again.

Needing cash to cover the costs of conversion to sound and the increased expenses of producing talking films, Hollywood for the first time sought outside money in significant amounts. Banks, seeing what appeared to be a Depression-proof industry, were quick to go along. But as Cecil B. De Mille said, "When the banks came into the picture, troubles came in with them. When we operated on our own money, there was joy in the industry. When we operated on Wall Street money, there was grief in the industry."

The old brigands, like Carl Laemmle, who had helped create Hollywood wanted to make movies and money. Banks only wanted to make money. The banks enforced a top-heavy administrative superstructure on the studios that took power away from both the director and the producer and gave it to the accounting department.

As Jesse Lasky, who himself was later dismissed as production chief of Paramount, recalled, in the era of talking films there were "more craftsmen, less teamwork, more complex organization, less pioneering spirit, more expense, less inspiration, more talent, less glamour, more predatory competition and less hospitality."

All because Al Jolson couldn't keep his mouth shut. ◉

Peter Andrews is working on a book to be published next year about Hollywood during the transition from silent films to talkies.

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SOUNDS FOR THE SILVER SCREEN

by Irving Kolodin

WHAT would a moviegoer of today think of a sound track that brought together Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* overture for a love theme, George M. Cohan's "You're a Grand Old Flag" for patriotic flavor, and cantor Joseff Rosenblatt's rendition of Max Bruch's *Kol Nidre* for religious fervor? Most would agree that the combination sounds like a wild Mel Brooks takeoff on sound track clichés.

But don't laugh. It was no laughing matter when sight and sound were married—or began to cohabitate—50 years ago, and these items were assembled in *The Jazz Singer* to surround Al Jolson's vivid singing of such showstoppers as "Blue Skies" and "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face." Sound tracks *have* improved since then. They hardly could not have, considering where they started.

At the dawn of the talkies the men who had provided the "mood music" for American silents were still sought out and utilized—Hugo Riesenfeld, Nathaniel Shilkret, Erno Rapee, are some of the names that pop up in a listing of American films for 1928 and 1929. In Europe there was some evidence of greater enterprise early on, with such composers as Maurice Jaubert, Darius Milhaud, and Dmitri Shostakovich bringing their concert hall artistry to the aid of the infant industry.

Something of that pattern prevailed over the 50-year period now behind us. When a composer of Sergei Prokofiev's quality collaborated with a filmmaker of Sergei Eisenstein's distinction, the outcome was *Alexander Nevsky*, whose score is still a joyous part of the symphonic repertory. Or, in another vein, when Prokofiev was invited to work on a satirical film called *The Czar Wants to Sleep* (1934), he produced the appropriately humorous music for the *Lieutenant Kizhe* suite that still delights audiences at symphony concerts around the world.

Such accomplishments demonstrate that there was nothing in the medium that men of great ability couldn't cope with. When Pare Lorentz sought out Virgil Thomson (whose taste and judgment had already been manifested in his treatment of Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*) to join him as musical collaborator for such documentaries as *The Plow That Broke the Plains* and *The River* (both 1936), he produced results of the Prokofiev order—in other words, music that has endured.

Similarly, the famously high standard of American "musical" movies was established in the Thirties by Vincent Youmans (*Flying Down to Rio*), Irving Berlin (*Top Hat*), Jerome Kern (*Swing Time*), George Gershwin (*Shall We Dance*), Cole Porter (*Rosalie*), and Richard Rodgers (*Mississippi*). What they produced in quality was in no way mysterious: They were the same six men whose sophistication of style, originality of content, and freshness of viewpoint were simultaneously raising the Broadway revue and just emerging "musical" play to new heights of distinction.

Gradually, however, as sound settled into stride with film and the output of sound tracks from year to year reached dizzying figures, the participation of artists dwindled and the artisans took over. Some of them, like Erich Wolfgang Korngold (composer of the well-known opera *Die tote Stadt*), were men of high skill and some imagination. All of them were willing to be what the late Oscar Levant long ago described as "cogs in the wheel"—readily responsive to the director's desires.

The remarkable career of the late Bernard Herrmann had its beginnings not in Hollywood but in the radio studios of New York, where he was Orson Welles's musical collaborator in the memorable productions of the Mercury Theater. That collaboration led directly to Welles and Herrmann's working together on the epochal *Citizen Kane* (1941) and *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942).

All the outstanding work that Herrmann did thereafter, including the Alfred Hitchcock series that began in 1955 with *The Trouble with Harry*, reflected not just an innate artistry and a rare order of instrumental ingenuity but also what might be described as a visual imagination. Long before he had any thought of doing a film score, Herrmann wrote a *Currier and Ives* suite (1935) that was based on and evoked musically the period pictures of the famous lithographers.

Among composers of artistic standing, Herrmann was an exceptional one who mastered the skills of an artisan as the film medium evolved (the French composer Georges Auric was another). But many artisans who lacked the inventive power of a Herrmann or an Auric were men of uncommon ingenuity, and they have contributed many moments of pleasure to the filmgoer. To one master of sound techniques is due the credit for an episode in the Marx brothers' film in which Chico tops a mad dash through Delibes's "Pizzicato Polka," in a version for one-fingered piano and orchestra, with the triumphant comment, "This time *I beat them*." I also think appreciatively of whoever it was in the Walt Disney Studios who thought of matching the sight of a hen sitting in her nest and contentedly clucking after laying an egg with the sound of a coloratura soprano singing "Caro nome" from Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

Hundreds of films were made more enjoyable, sometimes even more dramatically effective, by the skills and resources of those who conjured up main title music, end title music, and theme songs—ranging from Frederick Hollander's *The Blue Angel* (1930) to Michel Legrand's *Summer of '42*. The honor list of Oscar winners in this category is by no means the

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best guide to achievement, but most of the outstanding work of Dmitri Tiomkin, Max Steiner, David Raskin (of *Laura* fame), Alfred Newman, and their many colleagues received industry recognition by being nominated, at least, for an award.

What the industry could not, unfortunately, find place for was another honor list of composers such as Richard Strauss, Jean Sibelius, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Béla Bartok, and Igor Stravinsky, who were working at the time of the transition from silent to sound films. Their music was liberally "borrowed" (sometimes without credit) for films, but their creative abilities were not.

The evidence is clear from a recent and splendidly encyclopedic book by James L. Limbacher, *Film Music: From Violins to Video*, that composers of quality can be divided vis-à-vis films into two categories. There are those, such as Aaron Copland in this country, Sir William Walton and Sir Arthur Bliss in England, and Arthur Honegger and Georges Auric in France, who were stimulated by the challenge of writing music for dramatic films and did it more than once. Others such as Benjamin Britten, Ralph Vaughan Williams, the aforementioned Dmitri Shostakovich, and Virgil Thomson found more appeal in writing for documentaries, in which greater artistic latitude can be indulged.

Less than five fingers can accommodate a tally of those who successfully combined creativity for the films with durability in the concert hall. One is Copland, who composed the scores for *Our Town*, *The Red Pony*, *Of Mice and Men*, and *The North Star*. Another is Vaughan Williams, whose score for *Scott of the Antarctic* evolved into his Symphony No. 7 (*Antarctica*). A third (in addition to Prokofiev and Thomson) is, perhaps, Sir William Walton, whose music for Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* (1945), *Hamlet* (1948), and *Richard III* (1955) has yielded several suites, which I have not heard in the concert hall.

The conclusion clearly has to be that if movie music is to serve well its primary purpose, it can rarely be written with a view toward achieving an independent life of its own. Britten enjoyed writing *Owen Wingrave* (1971) for television because he could control the manner in which his music was utilized. Copland disowned his score for William Wyler's *The Heiress* (1949) because most of it was scrapped, and other music was substituted.

If all has not been bliss in the relations between films and the best composers who were living and working from 1927 to 1977, there has been much for the filmgoer to enjoy nevertheless. There is, for instance, good reason to cherish Mario Nascimbene for what he did, with lightness and grace, for *The Barefoot Contessa* (a Bogart-Gardner film of 1951); and Nino Rota for everything he has accomplished musically from *La Strada* (1954) to *Amarcord* (1975); and Burt Bacharach, Jr., for the music "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head," in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (1969).

The list of people and pleasures associated with movie music is all but endless. But this retrospect ends here with a tribute to Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen for their deft song, with the traditional parting toast "One for the Road" (*The Sky's the Limit*, 1943). ◉

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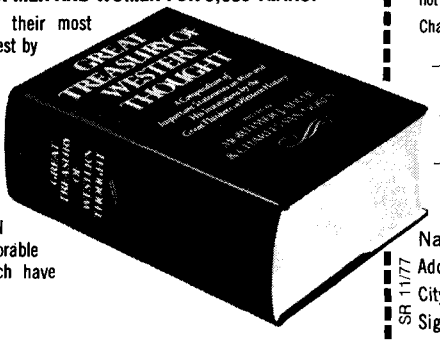

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Television

Giving ABC News Athletic Support

by Karl E. Meyer

An interesting thing happened to Barbara Walters on her way to superstardom as the first female co-anchor of a network evening news show. Bit by bit, she began to melt away. When she made her debut on ABC just a year ago, we saw and heard a lot of her. She and Harry Reasoner sat behind imposing desks, there was a good deal of backchat between the anchor people, and Walters seemed to be interviewing more heads of state than you could fit in the United Nations lounge.

This fall, the desks have vanished and so very nearly have Walters and Reasoner. If the process continues, they may disappear completely, leaving behind only a Cheshire smile. Two facts account for the change. First, and most obviously, the hopes that Walters would transform the ratings of the ABC *Evening News* have proved unfounded. Twelve months and one million dollars after ABC laid claim to her, the network was still where it had always been: a lame third behind NBC and front-running CBS. ABC had seriously overestimated the drawing power of a woman.

Secondly, there has been a change of format on the program. The familiar all-wise anchor person is on the way out, and "whiparound" is coming in. This is the term for a technique in which correspondents relay stories to each other, skipping the intervening comments anchor people used to make to link everything together. (Over at NBC, David Brinkley and John Chancellor have also lost *their* desks—more bad news for the furniture industry.) We may be witnessing the first major change in network news shows since the early 1960s, when the anchor men first arrived.

The man who seems likely to usher in a new order is Roone Arledge, who for 17 years was chiefly involved in sports broadcasting. As president of ABC Sports, Arledge was responsible for instant replays and slow-mo, gimmicks that made his network the big winner on the playing field. Last June, he put on an additional hat as head of the network news division, and he is trying to succeed where Walters failed: in winning the ratings cup away from CBS.

It is in many ways a refreshing and interesting appointment. Arledge has already hired some of the ablest people in electronic journalism, a notable example being Av Westin, who had quit the network the previous year because of a dispute over news policy. Tired formulas are being reexamined, and money—lots of it—is being spent. It would be churlish not to wish Arledge well.

Yet for all his aggressive virtues, Arledge seems to regard news as just another spectator sport. When the Son of Sam murder suspect was arrested, Arledge himself was in the police station to supervise coverage, as if the lockup was the locker room. An item on cheerleaders for the Dallas Cowboys ended with the correspondent's breezy remark, "Hope your weekend is a winner."

For some weeks, I have compared the ABC news program with the CBS show, and on most nights there is no question which is superior—it is CBS by a knockout. On September 26, for example, each network covered the congressional decimation of Carter's energy program. Whereas ABC was frantic and diffuse, CBS gave a lucid item-by-item rundown on the obstacles facing each Carter proposal. That same evening, ABC concluded with a witless and pointless report from Long Island on garage sales (they tie up traffic and are sometimes commercialized) that would have been an embarrassment even on a local news show. CBS has strength in the depth of its reporting as well as a tradition of excellence, and it shows. It will require years of spending on low-visibility talent before ABC can really catch up.

Yet, there are ways in which Arledge could immediately make ABC the talk of the global village. I offer these suggestions, gratis:

1. Cut 90 seconds from the commercial time on the evening news, and group all messages in two longer breaks. ABC could then claim truthfully that it was providing viewers with more news. The very idea would doubtless outrage the ABC front office, but indignation would be greater at the other networks, which would be pressured to follow suit.

2. Extend the evening news to 45 minutes. This was the plan when Walters was hired away from the NBC *Today* show. But the proposal was dropped, allegedly because affiliated stations were opposed. In fact, ABC—like its rivals—owns five stations in major markets and could unilaterally institute the change on those stations, shaming the affiliates.

To fill the quarter hour, Arledge should hire those superior interviewers, Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer, away from PBS and turn them loose.

3. Commit ABC to showing at least one 60-minute documentary twice a month in prime time. The chief reason why longer reports do not have a sustained audience is that documentaries are not regularly scheduled and thus cannot become a viewing habit. The success of *60 Minutes* confirms that there is a mass audience for first-class television reporting.

4. Kill all future "docudrama" projects of the kind epitomized by ABC's "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," in which the prestige of reportage is exploited for entertainment purposes. Precisely because viewers look to television for news, they tend to believe that dramatizations on television are also factual. These noxious melodramas are as much a threat to journalism as were the fake "composite photographs" published years ago by the New York *Daily Graphic*.

If Arledge acts even on only two of these suggestions, I'll be on his side. ◉

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Pop Music: Funk

"Chocolate City" and Beyond

Aaron Morley

George Clinton (right) and vocalist–"Like Hustler*–unabashedly raunchy."*

by Ken Emerson

"CHOCOLATE CITY" is not the sort of song that makes white people feel at home. Recorded in 1975 by a black group called Parliament-Funkadelic, it ticks off American cities that are or will soon become predominantly black. "Gainin' on ya" is the bouncy refrain sung by a female chorus over playful horns, and the band's producer and lead singer, George Clinton, addresses the residents of "vanilla suburbs" with a leering chortle: "Can't ya feel my breath, heh/ All up around your neck, heh heh?" With its belching bass and eerie synthesizer chords, the song is at once ominous and comic, but despite Clinton's pointed disavowal of violence ("Ya don't need the bullet when ya got the ballot"), many listeners will not appreciate the joke.

Few whites were in attendance when Parliament-Funkadelic played Madison Square Garden this September. Decked out in towering plumes and sequined capes, the group looked, from the faraway seats where the press huddled defensively, like a bejeweled flea circus. But there was nothing pint-size about the gaudy spectacle P-Funk mounted. Clinton was wheeled onstage in a glittering mock-up of an Eldorado (or "pimpmobile") and whisked off in a cloud of smoke by an immense rocket ship that ascended to the rafters. In the two hours between his eye-popping entrance and exit, Clinton and the band set the entire crowd to dancing and to chanting, among other doggerel, "Shit! Goddamn! Get off your ass and jam!"

None of this may sound very appealing, but it is genuinely important, for Clinton is bucking the pervasive trend of black popular music and returning that music to its traditional function.

Be it tribal chants, Christian hymns, Appalachian plaints, or albums by the Beatles, music has served since time immemorial to uplift and unify its audience, creating an identification with and pride in that union. It is no coincidence that black popular music, formerly called "rhythm and blues," burgeoned into "soul" in the Sixties just as the civil rights movement gained impetus. "Say it loud/I'm black and I'm proud!" shouted James Brown, the Godfather of Soul, over a stuttering beat. And just as the black community then could look to any number of political leaders, from Roy Wilkins and Martin Luther King, Jr., to Malcolm X and Bobby Seale, so too could it point to a crowded constellation of musical stars, from James Brown and Sam Cooke to the Temptations, Aretha Franklin, and Otis Redding. A black group named Dyke and the Blazers rightfully sang, "We got more soul!"

But in the Seventies there seems to be as few black performers as there are black leaders who can inspire their audiences. Hit records, like speeches, are still made, but to less effect. The reasons for the decline of black leadership are many, and some of them help explain the reduced circumstances of black popular music. But also to be blamed for the latter (although it may be as much a symptom as a cause) is contemporary disco, the monotonously mechanical, maddeningly repetitious dancing music that has superseded soul.

At the tail end of the last decade when their popularity became such that black performers and producers won access to the most advanced recording technology and they were able to marshal entire orchestras if they wished, they justly exulted in their upward racial and musical mobility. After all, their white counterparts had enjoyed such luxuries for years. Unfortunately, however, as it has evolved into disco, much black music (as well as white music—but that's another story) has become a glossy celebration of technology for its own sake. Recorded with fantastic precision, the drums in disco pump like Porsche pistons, the strings spray a metallic sheen on the sleek hood, and the singer is all too often simply along for the ride. Few disco performers have become or remained stars for long because they're fifth wheels; it's not their personality but the supercharged process of recording that counts. It is, rather, producers such as Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff and engineers like Tony Moulton who are disco's true and enduring stars.

The problem with technology, though, is that it can be appropriated. Disco is a formula to which everything from Beethoven to "The Little Drummer Boy" has been reduced, and it's easily replicated. The past couple of years have witnessed disco hits by, among others, an Australian trio (the Bee Gees), a group of Glaswegians (ironically named Average White Band), and a former leading lady in pornographic films (Andrea True). On the face of it, this would seem admirable: Disco is an integrated music, probably more so than any other, and many discotheques are meeting grounds for blacks, whites, and Hispanics. But have blacks been sufficiently assimilated into white American society (they certainly haven't been into the economy) that they can afford, psychologically, to dispense with music that is uniquely and pridefully their own? If not, the effects of disco may well be dispiriting.

Almost everyone complains about disco but one of the few people who seem to be doing anything about it is George Clinton not only in his capacity as the leader of Parliament-Funkadelic (which records under both names for different labels–

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Casablanca and Warner Brothers, respectively) but also as the producer of P-Funk alumni such as Bootsy Collins and Eddie Hazel. What makes Clinton exciting and different is that he is trying to create a music that, unlike disco, is inimitably black.

Although you can dance to its music, almost everything about P-Funk is a far cry from disco. Even the name *funk*, after all, originally meant "stink," whereas disco is deodorized. Disco lyrics are obsessively sexual, but the music is antiseptic, the aural equivalent of *Playboy*'s airbrushed, soft-focus centerfolds. P-Funk, on the other hand, comes on like *Hustler*—unabashedly raunchy. One song, for instance, the self-explanatorily entitled "Take Your Dead Ass Home (Say Som'n Nasty)," consists of dirty limericks recited in unison. And whereas metronomic drums drive the mechanical beat of most disco, P-Funk generally relies on the explicitly pelvic, coital rhythms of an electric bass.

If P-Funk is obscene, it's much less so than, say, Robert Coover's *The Public Burning*, and it's obscenity with a purpose. The childish delight in naughty words defies assimilation into the melting pot of AM radio. This is black music for black people, as opposed to the lowest universal denominator of disco. And although Clinton is a perfectionist in the recording studio, he whips up a ribald anarchy that pokes fun at disco's fetish for technological organization. P-Funk's songs and stage show delight in the trappings of science fiction, but these trappings are parodistic (disco is science fiction for real). One of their numbers, about a spaceship descending to earth to deliver the secret of funk, segues hilariously into a paraphrase of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Another number plays off the advanced against the atavistic by juxtaposing a futuristic synthesizer background and a caveman chorus of "Ga ga goo ga/Ga ga goo ga."

Music critic Joe McEwen has likened Clinton to Ishmael Reed, the writer, and the comparison is apt. Both men are determined black voices, deeply humorous and dead serious at the same time. Clinton's voice is so black that he'll probably never attract the large white audience disco has won, but maybe that's as it should be. Among blacks he's already a star, known by his fans as "Dr. Funkenstein," and his music, like Mary Shelley's monster, has soul. ◉

Ken Emerson, an editor at The New York Times Magazine, *writes frequently about popular music.*

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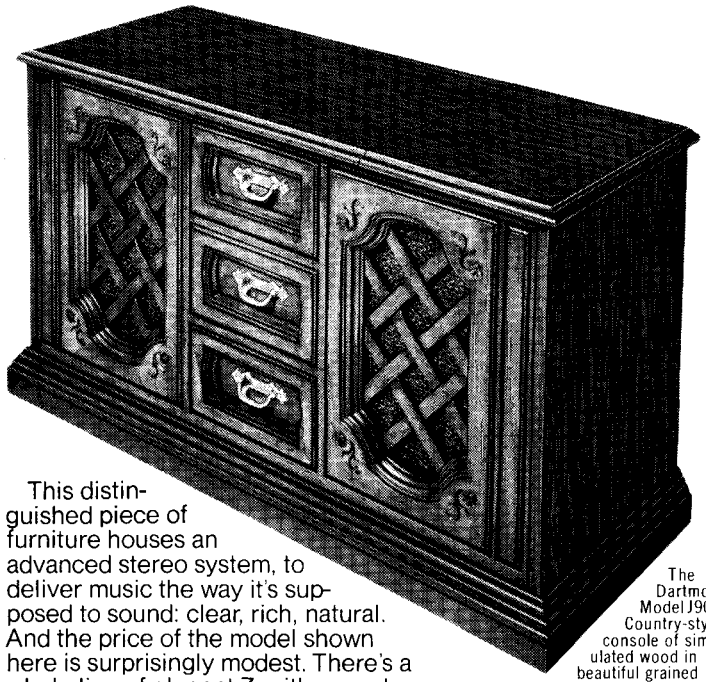

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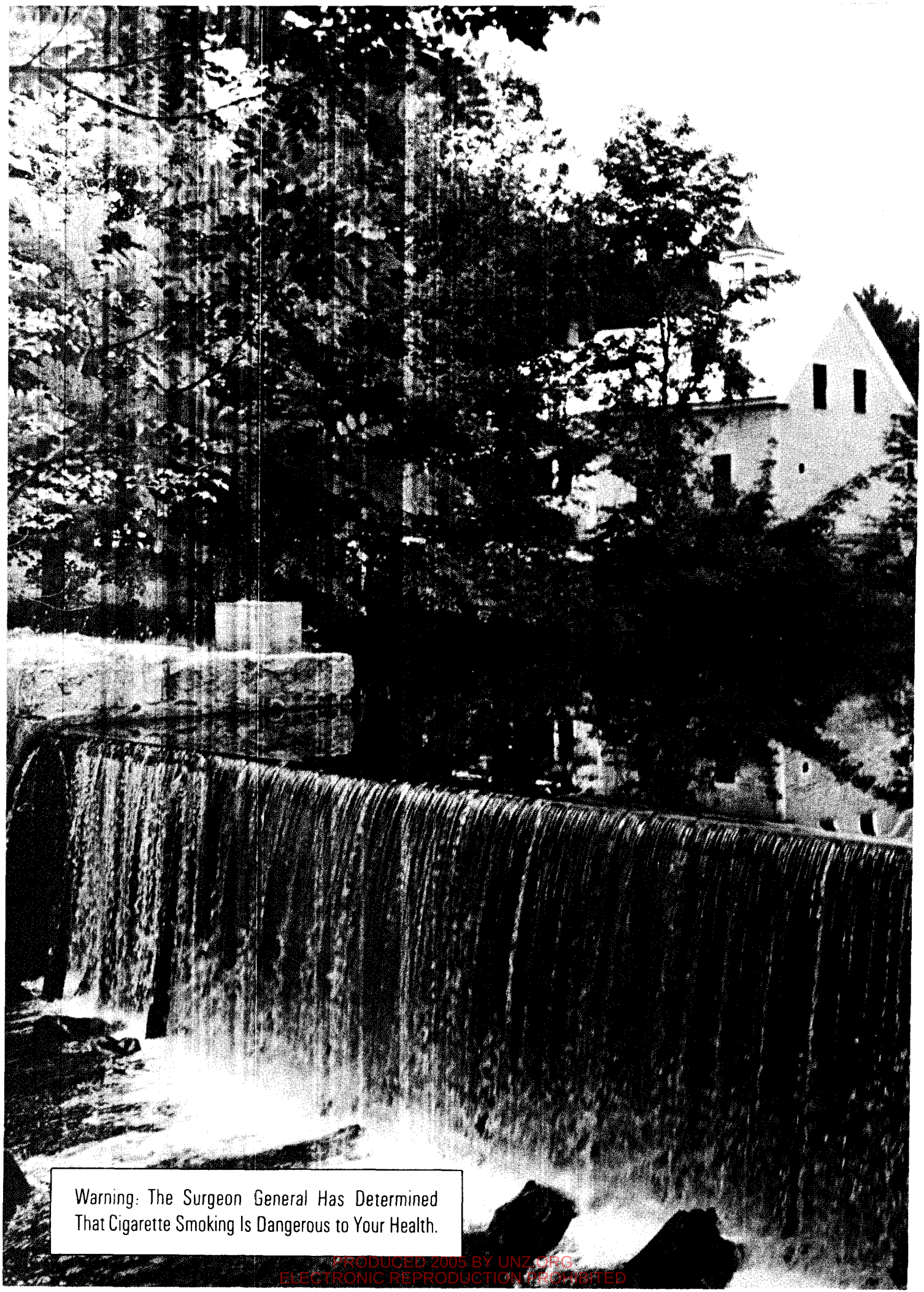

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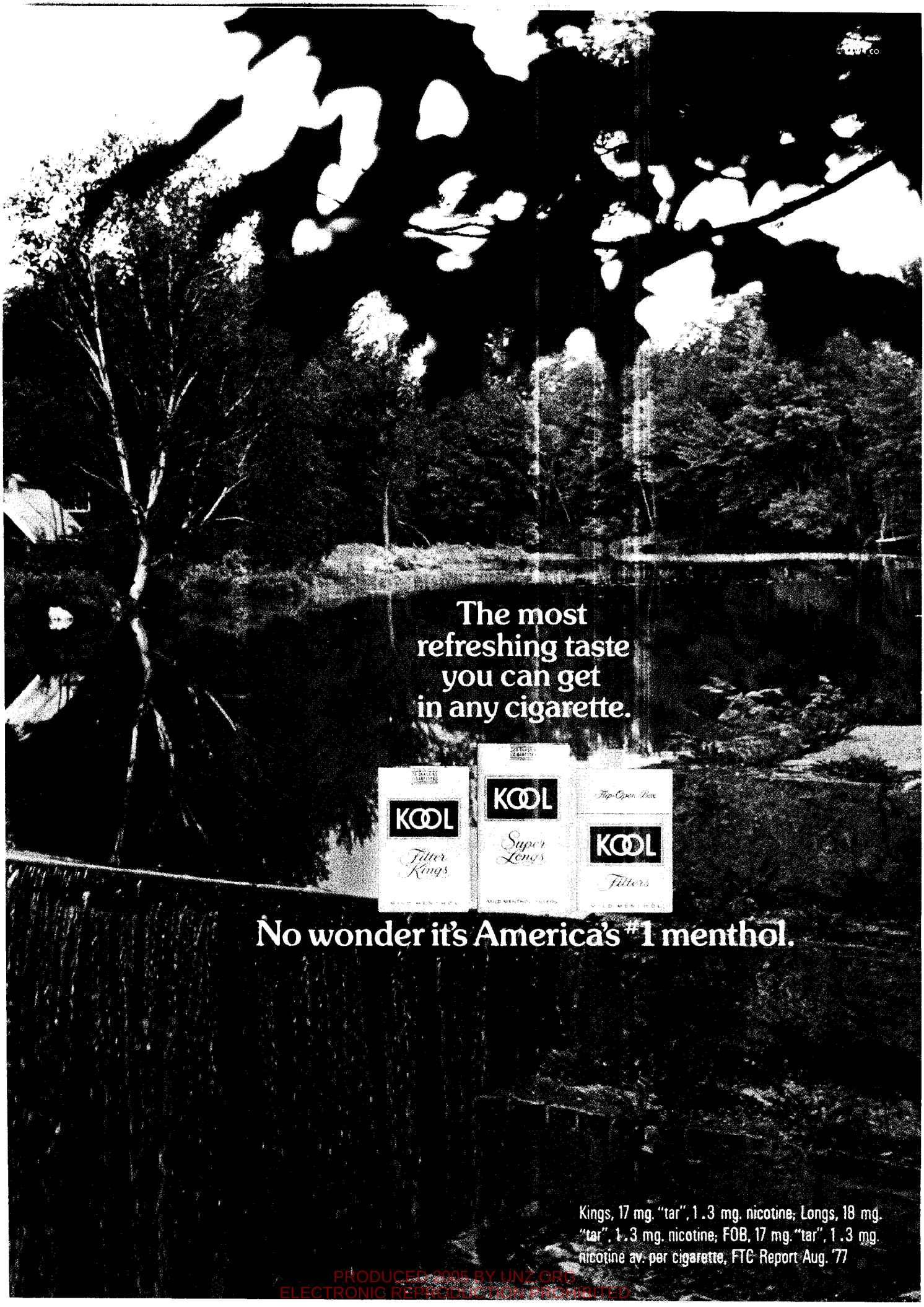

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Education Now

We have three children attending a high school that has on its staff two self-professed "gays." What assurance do I have that their "gay way" attitudes toward life will not be reflected in their classroom teaching?

[Name withheld by request.]

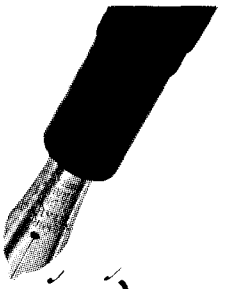
OVER the years schools have employed racists, sexists, religious fundamentalists, atheists, Communists, Birchers, vegetarians, smokers, alcoholics, and thousands of others professing something or belonging to some category to which segments of the community have objected. Some preach in the classroom that which they practice outside, and some practice it in the classroom; most do neither. As each of these instances arises, those who object most vehemently manage to define their favorite vices in such ways as to make each one distinct from all other categories of belief, preference, or idiosyncracy and to render them exceptions to those things they would generally protect under "civil liberties."

Questions like this always conceal others: Will my child be molested physically, emotionally, or intellectually? What subtle powers do certain (or all) teachers possess to influence or corrupt my child's attitudes, morals, and behavior? What subjects, ideas, and questions are proper matters for discussion among children and adolescents? Unfortunately, as posed, they never provide the one piece of information necessary for a conclusive answer: Are the people in question—in this case the two "self-professed" homosexuals—capable and sensitive teachers? If the information were provided, the question would answer itself. If the same question were asked about the illiterates, sadists, deadbeats, charlatans, and bigots who now teach in our schools and who are being hired every day, the purge would last for a generation.

To return to the question. There is no evidence—none—that homosexuals molest children any more than heterosexuals do; if anything, the research on sexual behavior and child molesters—most of it poor because the definitions are uncertain—suggests the reverse. Young girls run at least as much risk of being molested by heterosexual males as boys do from gay males. (It should be pointed out, incidentally, that females, gay or straight, rarely molest anyone; in this society at least, pedophilia seems to be an almost exclusively male pastime.) In a book called *Sex Offenders* (Harper & Row, 1965), for example, Paul H. Gebhard, John H. Gagnon, and their colleagues point out that males convicted of homosexual acts with boys "also show a relative predisposition toward heterosexual offenses with girls under sixteen. In brief, most of them are interested sexually in young people." The research also indicates that while the average age of boys seduced or molested by homosexuals is around fifteen—an age when the "victim" is often thought to be more a collaborator than merely an innocent victim of perverted affection—the girls who are molested in heterosexual acts are usually preadolescents, many of them no more than six or seven years old and therefore genuine victims of the straight people who prey on them. If one were to count the thousands of unreported cases of incest—those in which fathers, stepfathers, uncles, and brothers molest their daughters, nieces, and sisters—the disproportion would be staggering.

None of this may reassure Name Withheld, who seems to be more concerned with "attitudes" than with outright physical tampering. Yet here again, the mere "profession" of homosexuality is a label that doesn't tell anything. If the concern is with mannerisms or modes of dress or personal habits, then another purge will be necessary to rid the schools of the nose pickers, lapel grabbers, leg and bust fetishists, and fanny patters—not to mention the physical and psychological sadists—who inhabit the classroom. If the concern is with the unlikely possibility that the teachers in question will verbally promote their sexual preferences, the chances are at least even that they will do for homosexuality what many teachers of English have done for *Mill on the Floss*, *Julius Caesar*, and the poetry of Longfellow. In any case, there appears to be evidence that an indi-

Readers wishing to participate in SR's *Education forum should address questions to Education Now, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.*



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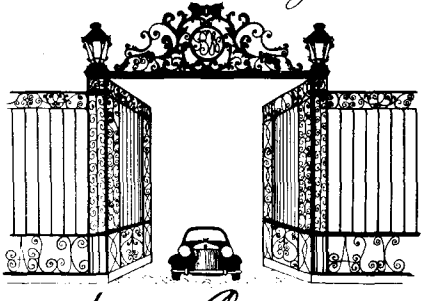

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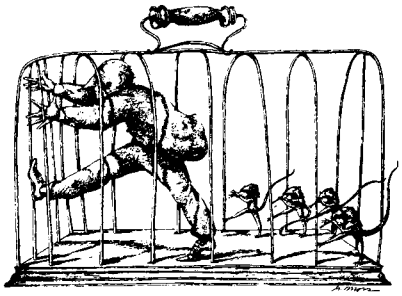

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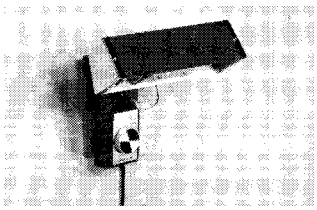

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vidual's sexual identity is fairly well formed by the time he or she is five or six years old, and no evidence that children or adolescents have been converted by their homosexual teachers. (There is, of course, always the possibility that anything treated with so much hysteria by the official community will, for that reason alone, become a subject of fascination or experimentation for a rebellious adolescent.)

The issue, as always, is not what the teacher is or what he does in his private life but what he does on the job. The National Education Association (NEA), the country's largest organization of teachers and a group that has never been accused of political or social radicalism, takes the position that homosexuals should be allowed to teach. "We're not in favor of child-molesting," an NEA official told a reporter recently, "but assuming one's sex life is one's own private business, we consider that refusing to employ homosexuals simply on that basis is an act of discrimination." In the last few years a number of cities and the federal civil service have prohibited employment discrimination against homosexuals. As more communities discover that gay teachers are no more prone to abuse their students than straight teachers, and that when they do, the abuse is much more likely to be rooted in hostility or stupidity than in homosexuality, the question of gays in the classroom may look as quaint as the prohibitions of the Twenties against women teachers who smoked or kept late hours. The question then was not homo or hetero, but whether the person who entered the classroom could have any sexual feelings at all. —PETER SCHRAG ◉

Peter Schrag, former associate education editor at SR, *is coauthor of* The Myth of the Hyperactive Child *and author of* Mind Control, *to be published next March.*

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 134

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Nicaragua *from page 22*

leadership and guidance. He has long been seriously overweight—which reflects his partiality for food, drink, and fun—and he was rarely without one of the huge cigars made for him by Cuban exiles residing in Nicaragua. But now he has had his warning heart attack (his brother, Luis, died from a second heart attack, having ignored the first warning), and the question is: Will he take it easy?

There are two possible Somoza substitutes on tap in the wings: the president's twenty-five-year-old son, Major Anastasio Somoza, and the president's half brother, General José Somoza, who is inspector general of the National Guard. The president favors advancing his son—young Anastasio acted as the link between the hospital bed in Miami and the government at home—but older National Guard officers resist the idea. General José, the illegitimate son of the first General Anastasio Somoza, is considered an adequate soldier, but he would not be capable of running the family's affairs. Without the president around, in fact, the cohesion of the oligarchy might well be threatened. This, at least, is what the Sandinist guerrillas believe: that infighting within the oligarchy will be the first step toward the return of democracy.

The position of the United States in the coming months will be crucial. Nonviolent opponents of the Somozas have always argued that rather than holding back communism, Washington is encouraging domestic radicalism by identifying itself so closely with the regime. This is evidenced by the widespread popular (and even middle-class) sympathy enjoyed by the guerrillas. If the illness or death of Somoza leads to a weakening of the government, the United States may face the not unfamiliar dilemma of propping up a collapsing regime or of resigning itself to a violent and chaotic process of rapid political change. Some Americans still argue that the alternative to Somoza is an unattractive, untalented, disorganized, and divided bunch, and the advocates invariably add the punch line: "Somoza would win even if the elections were clean." Yet now, more than ever, it is in the interest of the United States to force Somoza at least to allow opposition groups to organize themselves and thereby create true alternatives. Surely, with the recent memories of Indochina, Portugal, Angola, and Ethiopia still so fresh, Washington must realize that under right-wing dictatorships, the only group that never fails to prepare itself underground is the Communist party. ◉

Alan Riding is a free-lance writer living in Mexico City.

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Light Refractions

The Chinese-Welsh Connection

by Thomas H. Middleton

ONCE when I was nine or ten years old, our school class had a substitute teacher. In those days, and probably in these days also, substitute teachers were not really familiar with the work the class had been doing and were therefore not able to maintain any sort of continuity in our education. The function of a substitute teacher was principally to see that we stayed in school without disrupting other classes, destroying our schoolroom, or inflicting irreparable damage on one another.

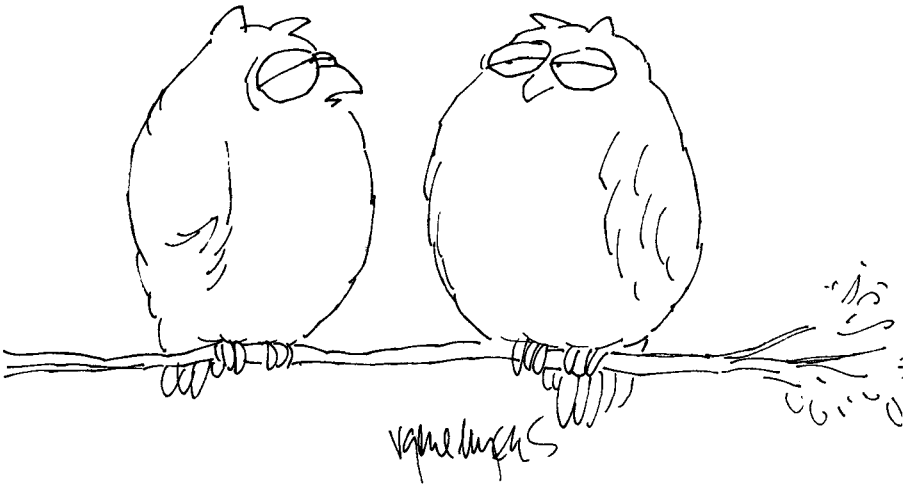
One of the things this particular substitute did to keep us docile was to tell us a story about a little Chinese boy with the outrageously unlikely name Tikitikitimburisorumba - arabarabushkin - clangfirepilgreengilgogurkindrolwelansiliogogogo. It was a stupid story whose moral was something about how you shouldn't be too proud of the length of your name.

I believe the little boy wouldn't respond to "Tiki" or even "Sonny," but insisted that he be called by his full name. On one fateful occasion, by the time his mother had called out "Tikitikitimburisorumba-arabarabushkin-clangfirepilgreengilgogurk-indrolwelansiliogogogo, look out for the wolf!" it was too late. As I said, a stupid story.

I don't recall thinking at the time that the name didn't sound Chinese. In fact, I probably thought it sounded quite right for a Chinese boy. I think that even the teacher thought it sounded Chinese. Why else would she have made it a Chinese boy, and not a Ruritanian? In those days, scant attention seems to have been paid to accuracy in our naming of Orientals. Some of you Tin Pan Alley fans might remember Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby's song, "So Long, Oolong, How Long You Gonna Be Gone?" which begins, "Ming Toy loved a boy, happy little Japanee. Oolong was his name, set her heart aflame." Ming Toy and Oolong bear no resemblance to Japanese names, but no one cared back then. The East was mysterious.

Back to Tikitikitimbu, etc. We all have brain cells whose function seems to be to store inconsequential nonsense like that absurd name, keeping it dormant but not forgotten. I'm pretty sure I've resurrected that bit of lunacy after all these years without missing a syllable.

What brought this yard and a half o



"You know what I hate? Picking up those little mice with my feet."

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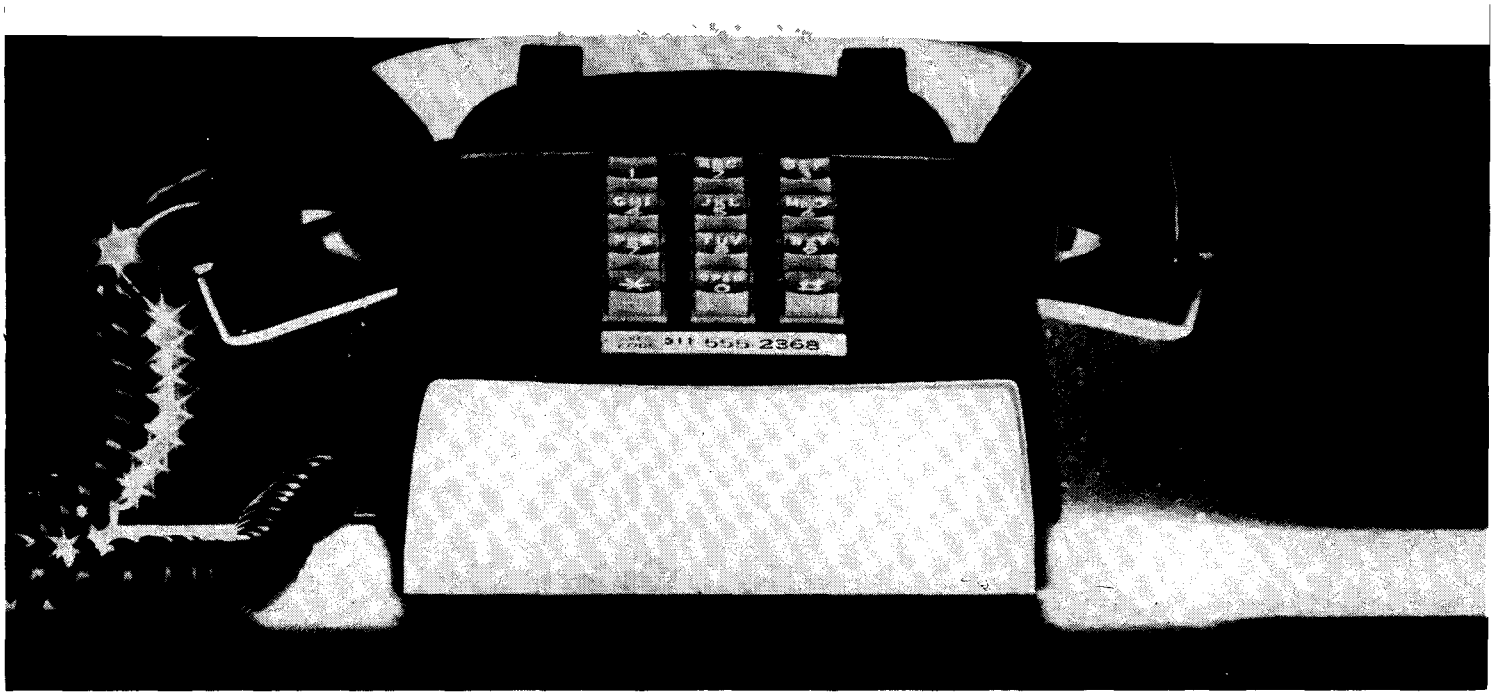

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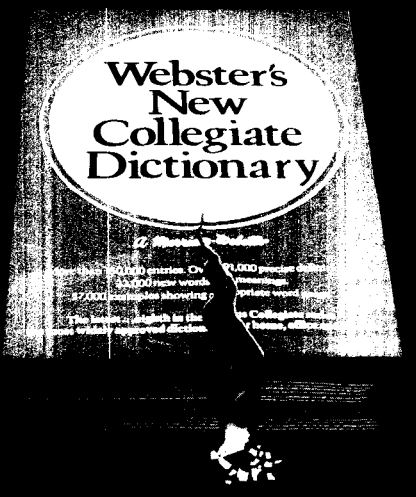

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trivia out of retirement was a trip that my wife, Jeannie, and I took to Wales recently. Years ago, I'd read about a small Welsh town with a long, tongue-twisting, jaw-breaking, unpronounceable name. In Wales, I found a postcard showing a picture of a bridge that purportedly leads to that town. Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery chwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, the town's name, is lettered beneath the picture, and beneath the name is its translation: "The church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to a rapid whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's church and near to a red cave."

Having learned a little bit (a *very* little bit) about the mysteries of pronouncing Welsh—for example, that *dd* is usually pronounced "th," as in "they," and that the *ll* at the beginning of a syllable is sort of a combination of the "sh" and "l" sounds, effected by getting ready to make the "l" sound, then expelling air from between your tongue and your molars at the same time as you say "lla" (I once knew a man who pronounced his *s*'s that way, and we used to say he had a bilateral lisp)—I decided to take a crack at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch. I went at it carefully and persistently until I thought I had it fairly well mastered, and what I came up with sounds so much like the last part of that unfortunate Chinese boy's name, starting with clangfirepilgreen, that it can't possibly be a coincidence.

While my pronunciation of the town's name is certainly far from perfect, it's the best I've heard so far. Whenever I showed my postcard to Welsh people and asked if they would pronounce the name for me, they invariably said something like "Shlanfairpuglmushgilgameshluthved." Never did anyone end with anything remotely resembling "antysiliogogogoch." I'm sure of that.

The puzzle remains: How did Clangfirepilgreen, etc. (the name of a tiny village in Ruritania), team up with Tikitikitimburisorumba-arabarabushkin to become a Chinese name?

Come to think of it, the perceptions of childhood being what they are, that substitute teacher might well have been a sweet old lady of about twenty-three at the time. If so, she not only is still probably above the sod but could be quite a swinger these days. If, by some wild stroke of chance, she should read this piece, I apologize for saying her story was stupid; and if she'll forgive me for that, I hope she'll let me know how the little Chinese boy got his Ruritanian-Welsh name. ◉

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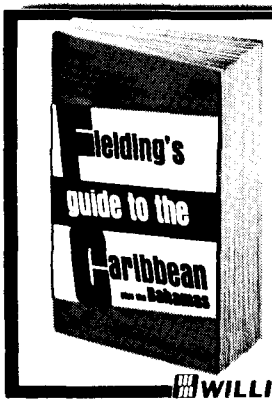

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 34):
Sedate, teased, seated

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"GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DIRECTORY". How, Where to buy 250,000 items (including Jeeps)... low as 2¢ on dollar! Most complete information available—$2.00. Surplus Disposal, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 N	2 E	3 U		4 A	5 D	6 K	7 O	8 V	9 B		10 C	11 F	12 J	13 Y		14 M	15 W
16 Q	17 E		18 Z	19 N	20 D	21 H	22 S	23 I		24 O	25 X	26 B	27 P	28 F		29 H	30 S
31 T	32 V	33 I		34 O	35 Y	36 T	37 B	38 X	39 Q	40 N	41 E		42 X		43 I	44 C	45 V
46 E	47 M	48 S	49 J	50 W	51 D		52 K	53 A	54 V		55 B	56 S	57 L		58 Q	59 D	60 G
61 X	62 O		63 U	64 B		65 S	66 Q	67 P	68 A	69 Y		70 C	71 G	72 E	73 Z		74 X
75 G		76 F	77 I	78 S	79 E	80 W	81 M	82 N		83 A	84 V		85 V	86 H	87 B	88 T	
89 Y	90 H	91 O	92 P	93 U	94 J	95 M		96 S	97 Q	98 C	99 R	100 N	101 F	102 V	103 B		104 G
105 W	106 D	107 T	108 N	109 S	110 Y	111 J	112 E		113 Z	114 R	115 B		116 T	117 H	118 X		119 S
120 C		121 S	122 L	123 F	124 W	125 Y	126 Q	127 U		128 J	129 R	130 O		131 L	132 P	133 H	134 T
135 G	136 N	137 Z	138 S		139 C	140 I	141 G		142 R	143 B	144 K	145 V	146 P	147 S	148 D	149 F	
150 W	151 N	152 H	153 M	154 Q	155 S	156 V	157 X	158 A	159 L	160 K		161 Z	162 I	163 R	164 U		165 G
166 I		167 S	168 F	169 J	170 W	171 A	172 K		173 T	174 B	175 Z	176 M		177 H	178 S	179 G	180 X
	181 E	182 U	183 V		184 V	185 T	186 L	187 X		188 S	189 A		190 F	191 Y	192 L	193 B	194 D
195 U	196 P	197 G		198 S	199 D	200 Q	201 Z		202 K	203 U	204 M	205 T	206 N				

Number 135

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Comical

B. Reputed victim of spray cans and SSTs

C. Clobbered, whacked

D. Elated

E. 1948 film starring Moira Shearer (2 wds. after *The*)

F. Affectionately, lovingly

G. American poet (1885–1972; "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley"; *full name*)

H. Bequeath (2 wds.)

I. Character, queer duck (2 wds.)

J. Beginning

K. Rely

L. Ancient unit of weight equal to 3,000 shekels

M. Member of an ancient people of Asia Minor and Syria

N. Fascinated, captivated

WORDS

4 53 68 83 158 171 189

193 26 37 55 64 103 143 174 115 9 87

70 98 10 44 120 139

148 5 51 59 106 194 199 20

46 79 112 181 2 17 41 72

76 101 123 149 168 190 11 28

75 141 60 71 104 165 135 179 197

86 117 133 152 177 21 29 90

162 23 33 166 140 43 77

169 12 49 94 111 128

160 172 144 202 6 52

57 122 131 159 186 192

95 153 176 204 14 47 81

108 151 40 100 136 206 1 19 82

O. Corroded, worn away; vexed, plagued

91 7 34 62 130 24

P. Angel who separates the soul from the body at death (in Jewish and Islamic angelology)

132 27 67 146 196 92

Q. Feeling; conscious

154 97 200 16 66 126 39 58

R. Bring forth; dream up; mark with lines

114 142 163 99 129

S. 1922 Griffith film with the Gish sisters (4 wds.)

178 78 167 188 198 22 48 30 65 96 119

138 109 155 56 147 121

T. Ignorant, oblivious

31 88 116 185 107 173 205 36 134

U. Supplied to excess, surfeited

164 182 195 93 203 63 3 127

V. American author ("The Ponder Heart"; full name)

145 156 54 45 102 184 85 8 32 84 183

W. Adult

124 105 50 80 15 150 170

X. Rule, power, sway

42 38 187 74 61 157 25 180 118

Y. Provoked

35 89 69 110 125 191 13

Z. Wertheimer, Kohler, and Koffka's school of psychology

137 73 18 113 175 161 201

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No.* 134** appears on page 54

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Our Curious Business

"Like an honest politician, a magazine must compete for support without violating its principles."

IN OUR last issue, *SR* editor Norman Cousins wrote an editorial about what has changed, and what has not, since my arrival at *Saturday Review*. I would like to complement that candid and complimentary report with an analysis of what I have learned in these eight months.

Magazines are a curious business. A group of editors gather in a room to assign and assemble articles and features that presumably will interest thousands or millions of subscribers—in *SR*'s case, 525,000—of whom the editors have met only a minute percentage. These articles are then set in type, laid out in pages, printed, and distributed. Meanwhile, an advertising sales staff tries to persuade advertisers to purchase pages in the magazine in order to sell their products or messages to a "unique" audience.

Unlike most products, magazines are not separable from the persons who purchase them. A light bulb or a can of deodorant is what it is, whether three people or three million people buy it. But a magazine that has more readers or less readers or different readers than another is a different magazine that will attract different advertisers, who will, in turn, give the magazine a different character. A magazine is less a thing than a process, an ongoing collaboration between readers, editors, and advertisers.

This complexity makes magazine publishing more perilous and exciting than other businesses. Insensitivity to the needs or tastes of the readers can result in instant disaffection, loss of circulation, and defection of advertisers. Such was the case seven years ago, when two men bought *Saturday Review* from the McCall Corporation, changed its format and purposes, and lost tens of millions of dollars in a few months. On the other hand, while editors must be sensitive to the opinions of readers, they must not be intimidated by them. The stagnation that results from the fear of change can be as fatal to a magazine's growth as too much or the wrong sort of change. The editor of a magazine must also be sensitive to the needs and opinions of advertisers. A magazine is an environment, like a town; one cannot expect a business to spend its money where it does not feel welcome or where the people are not the sort it wants to reach. Yet a magazine, such as *Saturday Review*, that attempts to deliver a fair and objective view of controversial issues cannot shrink from reporting on or criticizing anybody, even if that results in loss of advertising dollars. As soon as fear is allowed to corrupt editorial judgment, a magazine will lose the trust and affection of its readers.

"It's a waste of a great talent, because only one in every 50 Babylonians reads the editorials."

One of the most constant and daunting pressures I have experienced in these eight months is to make the magazine dazzling, flashy, noisy, outrageous, "talked about." Many members of the advertising community who spend their days determining where to place advertising suffer, understandably enough, from a sort of numbness to nuance or subtlety. Of the hundreds of magazines they must evaluate, they have time to read only a handful. They tend to prefer those they can describe as "fun," "hip," "easy to read." Elephantine headlines, colorful graphics, readily summarized "newsy" stories are easier to appreciate and to recommend to a client than thoughtful, serious articles.

Saturday Review is not the only one of the news media being pressured. *Time* and *Newsweek*, for instance, have escalated their styles to the point where they sometimes appear more like fashion or gossip magazines than newsmagazines. Television news reporters are regularly advised by their editors to deliver stories that will excite, rather than inform, their audience.

The danger of acceding to such pressures is that one will, like the boy who cried "wolf," lose credibility. Both in response to the marketplace and to our own tastes, *SR*'s new art director and I have tried to make this magazine's appearance bolder and more arresting. Nonetheless, we are constantly aware of the danger of promising more than we can deliver or of screaming when a whisper will do.

The greatest blessing of the magazine business is its captivating complexity. Like an honest politician, a magazine must compete for support without violating its principles. It must try to persuade without alienating, surprise without alarming, change without forsaking its identity. Publishing a magazine, like raising a child, is frustrating, exhausting, infuriating, and exhilarating. But no matter how noisily editors and publishers complain, they confess, when asked, that they would not exchange their profession for any other. —CARLL TUCKER

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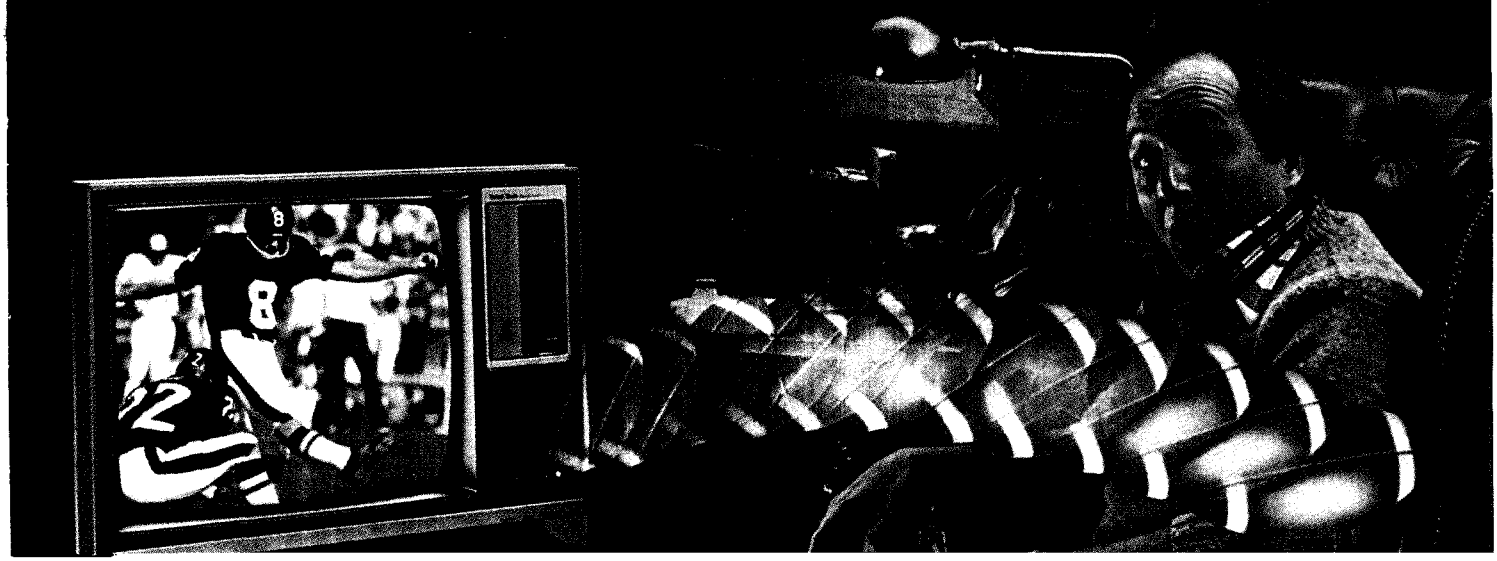

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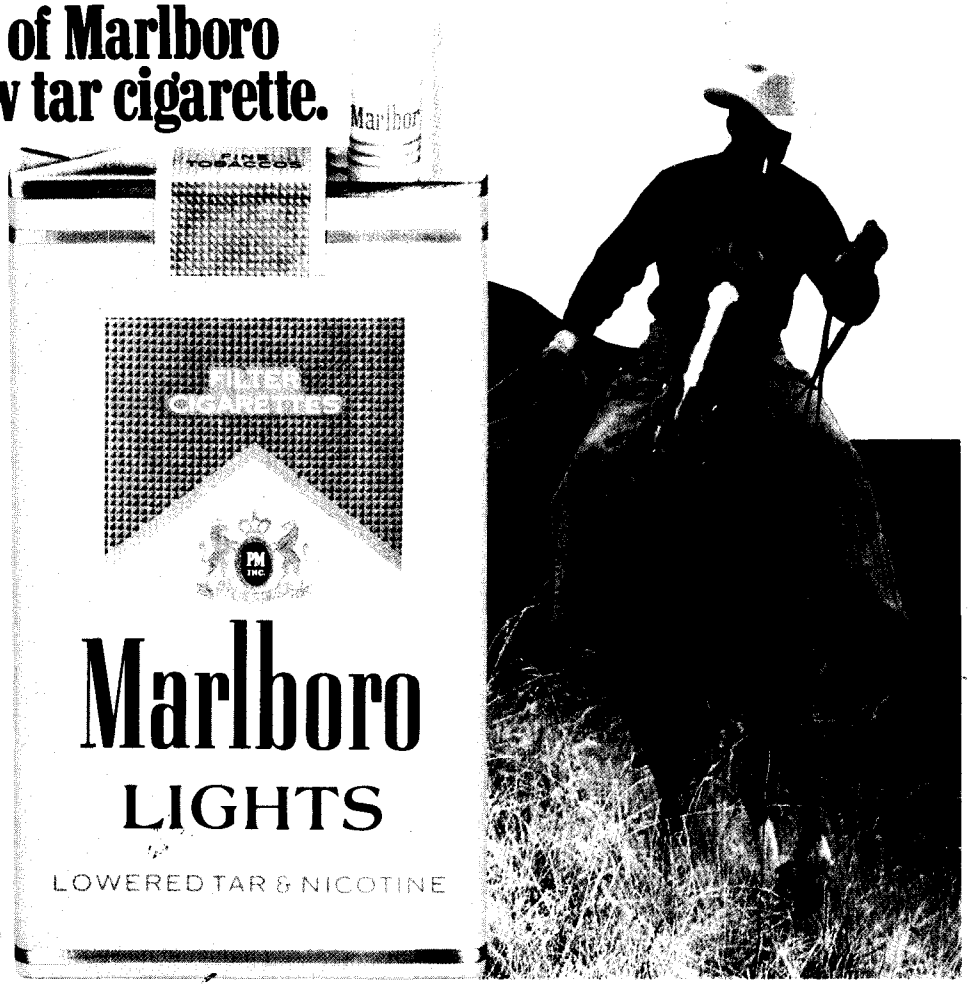
Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.



Lighter in taste. Lower in tar. And still offers up the same quality that has made Marlboro famous.

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